Understanding Marshall McLuhan / Felix Greene at /5.6

April 1966

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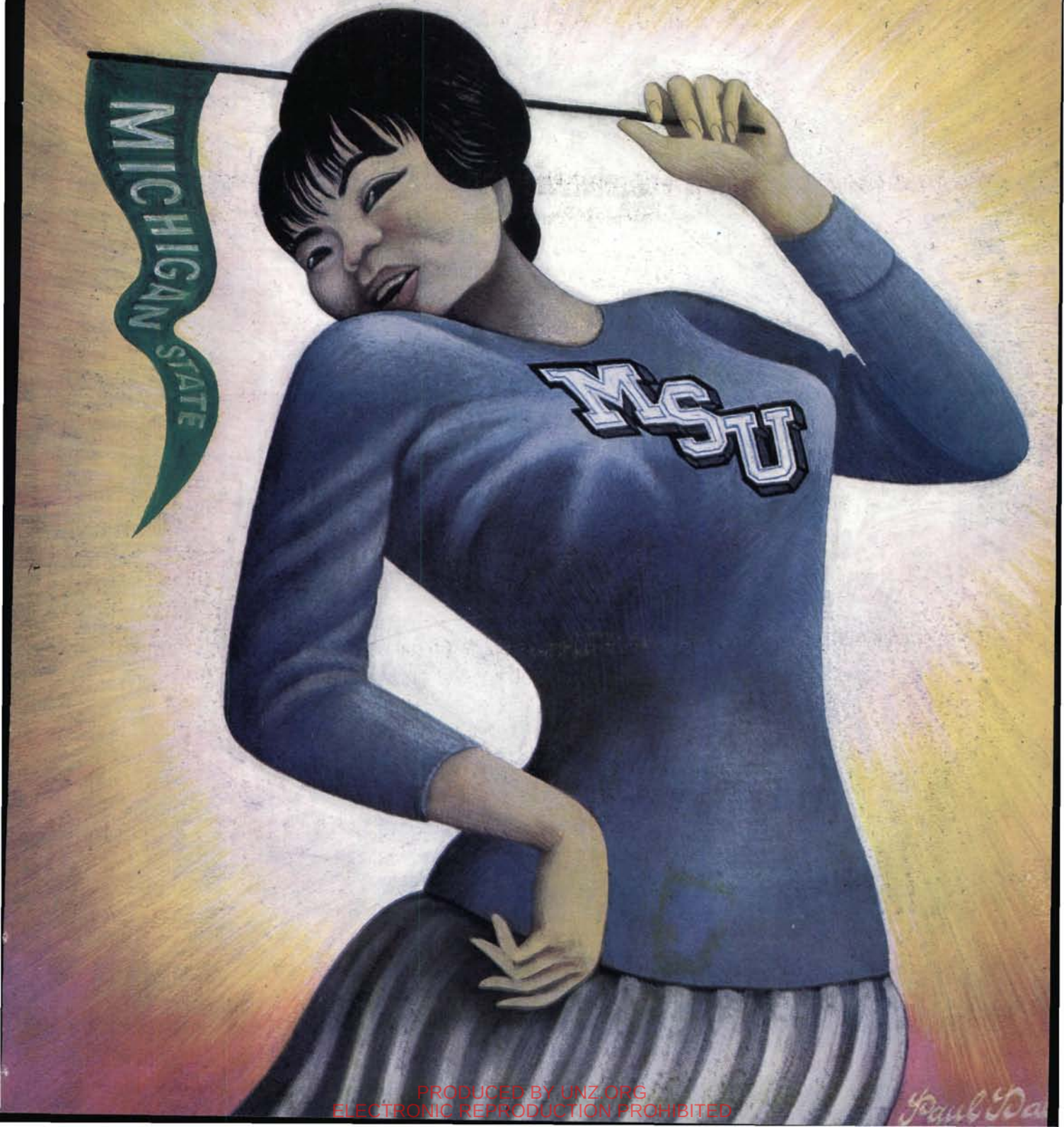

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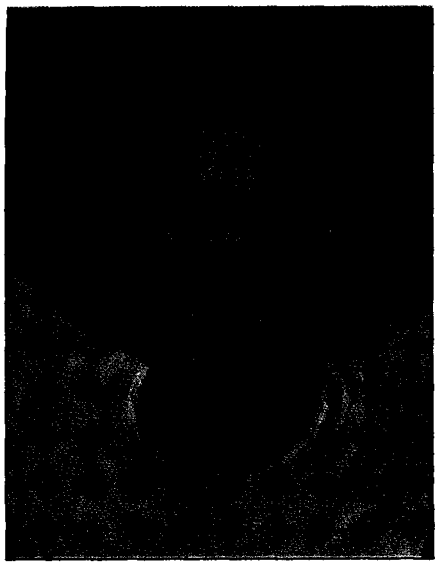
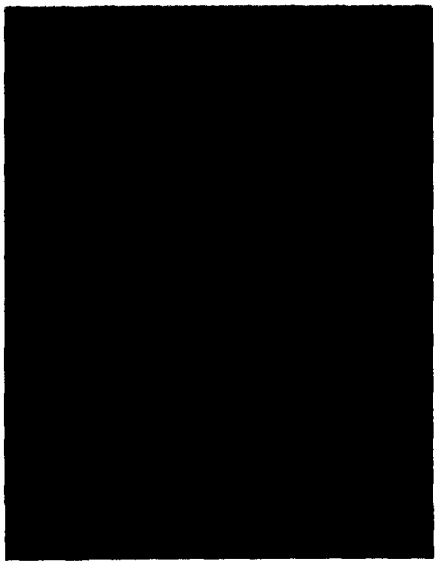
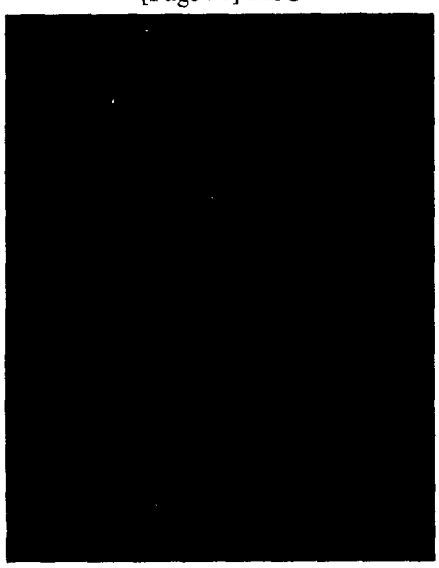


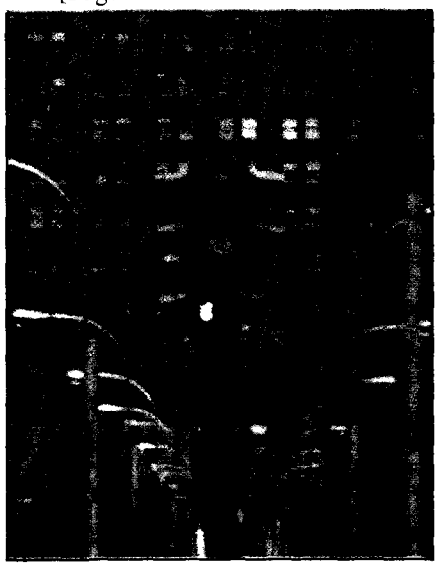
[Page 11] MSU



[Page 23] The Guerrilla Priest



[Page 42] LSD: The Acid Test



[Page 29] Totalitarian Capital

Ramparts

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 12 APRIL 1966

MARGINALIA

BESTIARY: The Crocodile 2
by Edward Sorel

EDITORIAL: The Cleavage Culture 3

OPINION: Amerika, Amerika Uber Alles 5
by Christian Geissler

TRAVEL: Señor Feex 8
by G. M. Feigen

LETTERS 10

ESSAYS

MSU: The University on the Make 11

The Guerrilla Priest 23
by Adolfo Gilly

Totalitarian Capital with Acanthus 29
by Gene Marine

Understanding Marshall McLuhan 34
by Howard Gossage

LSD: The Acid Test 42
by Donovan Bess

Journals of an Artist's Trip 49
by Hariette Frances

POETRY

The Brave Music: Talleyrand's Ghost at the Funeral of J. F. K. 40
by Harry Stiehl

EPHEMERA

BOOKS: Reviews *by Don Carpenter, Ken Jacobson,* and *Gilbert R. Davis* 51

PHOTOGRAPHY: China at *f* 5.6 58
by Felix Greene

Apologia:

CMENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA, when you really think about it, is a ridiculous place to publish a magazine. We thought about it recently and moved to San Francisco. RAMPARTS' new camping grounds is a big, brown building with its offices painted variously mustard, raspberry, white, green, and/or lemon. But mostly mustard. We are a herring's breath from the city's old sin quarters, the international settlement and at the tail end of a street of mead halls featuring girls with bottoms without tops. We just wanted you to know where we were.

Every genius needs a keeper, and for Marshall McLuhan we nominate Howard Gossage. Howard and his sidekick, Dr. Gerald Feigen, our peripatetic expert, were marshalling McLuhan's commentary long before *Understanding Media* assumed the crest of the undergraduate popularity wave that once carried J. D. Salinger and then Ayn Rand. The Great Man, in fact, once remarked that Gossage understood McLuhan better than McLuhan understood McLuhan. On page 37 you can judge for yourself.

The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword, Especially When It Writes 16,000 Words Dept. – In the week after RAMPARTS published its massive study of the civic disaster that is Oakland (RAMPARTS, February 1966) two things of interest occurred: (1) the mayor resigned, and (2) the police chief quit.

I. F. Stone made a big funny in New York during the RAMPARTS' Town Hall forum on Vietnam. He felt a little strange, speaking at a meeting sponsored by a Catholic magazine, he told the sold-out (the term is used in a show-biz connotation only) audience. Catholic? Then Stone looked up and down the masthead and blinked. "There haven't been so many Jews involved in a Catholic operation," he said, "since the 12 Apostles." W. H.

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SOREL'S BESTIARY

The Crocodile

[*Tyrannosaurus tex*]

NUMBER 3

The Crocodile is easily recognized by his squinting eyes, scarred abdomen, and by his long, protrusile, bifurcated tongue with which he is able to bellow out of both sides of his mouth simultaneously. Directly descended from reptiles of the Mesozoic era, the Crocodile migrated to the Potomac during the Age of Roosevelt and there thrived on a diet of *state's rights* verbiage, *separate-but-equal* cornpone, and *ladybird* lettuce. He was immediately popular with the White Crappies, Deep Sea Anglers and other under-the-water fauna. Whether he is near the oily tidewaters of the South or the murky waters of Baker's Creek, the Crocodile is always ready for a refreshing dip in the till. Although deeply and sincerely "concerned" about the predatory nature of the White-breasted Nuthatches who prey upon his black feathered "friends," the Crocodile is nevertheless sensitive to all the legal ramifications that might ensue if he interfered with the traditions and customs of a sovereign southern country. In spite of these infuriating legalities the Crocodile has been able to liberate over 80,000 blackbirds for service in Vietnam and hence is sometimes referred to as "The Great Emancipator" by some naturalists. His motto: *We shall overkill.*

Text and Illustration by Edward Sorel

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Marginalia

Editorial:

THE CLEAVAGE CULTURE

"Art should uplift as well as educate."
—W. C. Fields

THE PORNOGRAPHER is the traditional whipping-boy of the over-sexed society. In Victorian England, where gentlemen wore long coats but had notoriously hot pants, all kinds of puritan guilt feelings were assuaged by the frequent nabbings of a dirty old man hawking penny postcards. America today is encumbered, we fear, in the web of the same Jansenist paradox.

The dirty book dealer is still the most applauded target of the local D.A., and the courts traditionally penalize anyone who would make a buck off the perverse in print.

This in a country with a cleavage culture—where the topless is a step enroute to the bottomless, where the divorce rate is rapidly catching up to the marriage rate, where stock in Syntex is considered a mark of social status, where the government lies, officially, and nobody gets very upset about it, where the family unit is becoming a thing of past Norman Rockwell covers.

In this framework, the persecution of a few, fringe pornographers seems to us rather silly.

Not that we hold any brief for pornography. Mostly because we have never read any of the "hard core" variety that wasn't boring. Anyway, we have always personally been more inclined toward the robust scatology of a Smollett than the involved perversity of a de Sade.

But the old bugaboo of pornography and obscenity and what to do about it is back again, in that familiar meeting place, the Supreme Court. This term the Court will consider several cases that are unique in the history of censorship controversies, because the petitioners are mostly men of low principle who publish trash. No Henry Millers or D. H. Lawrences here.

One of the appeals concerns Ralph Ginzberg, a publisher of whom the best thing we can say is that he is of no redeeming social importance. In another, and to us the more interesting case, the appellant is a New York entrepreneur named Edward Mishkin, a fourth-rate producer of paper novels exploiting Krafft-Ebing themes. The books, cranked out upon order by hack writers, stress beatings and buggery and are trash by any man's standards.

We have no use for either Ginzberg or Mishkin, but we wish to state a case against their going to jail for obscenity.

PORNOGRAPHY MAY BE MOST explicit in its printed or photographic form, but it is a singularly difficult concept to define. "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another," D. H. Lawrence said. The very necessity of subjective judgment about obscenity (after all, some people become excited by subway turnstiles) has, historically, made official censorship the tool of literary morons and secret masturbators against the freedom of artistic expression that is necessary for any essentially healthy society.

The rationale of censorship has undergone substantive changes in the last half-century. The fear was once that pornography would lead to acts considered anti-social—like intercourse.

But today the criterion of what is pornographic is even more elusive; it now turns on the *thoughts* of the reader. The leading doctrine, as enunciated by the Supreme Court in the *Roth* case in 1957, defines obscene material as that which presents sex in a manner appealing to the "prurient interest" of the "average person" judging by "contemporary community standards."

In the *Roth* doctrine, one form of human expression is singled out from all other manifestations of free speech and judged by the *thoughts*, considered undesirable, that it is *presumed* to instill in an individual. This standard would be patently intolerable if applied to religion or politics. There is no higher constitutional right to suppress books dealing with perverse sexuality than there is to suppress religious books advocating norms of behavior contrary to community standards (like polygamy), or political pamphlets advocating forms of government repugnant to the community (such as the Handbook of the American Nazi Party).

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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The courts have never faced this issue head-on. In the most celebrated censorship cases of this century, the decisions have turned on considerations like "redeeming social importance" or whether the sex passages were judiciously balanced with pages of neuter artistic worth. That is why the *Mishkin* case is so important. Mishkin's books are vulgar, of no literary or social value, and obviously designed to appeal to "prurient interests." Thus the issue is, in its barest sense, whether censorship of even "hard-core" pornography is legal.

It is our belief that suppression of Mishkin's trash would violate the constitutional guarantees of freedom of expression. Neither Mishkin nor Ginzberg should be jailed for what they publish no matter the degree of degradation, immorality or just plain bad taste.

Despite the traditional existence of both federal and state obscenity statutes, the courts have never been able to define, satisfactorily, what is obscene. And the *Roth* definition is all the worse because its consequences are so far-reaching. To tie freedom of expression to such a mercurial gauge as "community standards" not only flies against the face of the First Amendment ("Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press"), but is so vague as to amount to a dangerous prior restraint in townships with enterprising Puritan prosecutors. What happens, for instance, to a writer who is part Mishkin, part Mailer? You can even find enough sex passages in Ayn Rand to make a case for suppressing her books—if you don't like her ideas. And few writers have the resources or the tenacity of a Grove Press to fight right through to the Supreme Court.

"WE ARE NOT SIDING with the absolute libertarian position that freedom of expression is an unfettered right. It is, on the contrary, a gift, from God, with attendant obligations and responsibilities. Few responsible men would claim otherwise. Even Rousseau held that man must surrender many of his natural liberties to live safely in society; and rights guaranteed by the Constitution, though fundamental, are not absolute. They must be viewed, and adjudicated, in terms of the general welfare.

In the case of pornography, however, the general welfare does not require that the courts become the Super-Censor judging the *content* of books. The young, and the large portion of adults who object to obscenity can be protected from pornography in other ways. It is well within the constitutional police power of the state, for example, to protect people from unwanted nuisance or shock. Thus it is one thing for Mishkin to print his books and sell them in his shop to consenting adults, and quite another thing if he were to paint phalluses on a Times Square billboard to advertise his wares, or send salacious mailings to high school students. Only a congenital nitpicker would hold that maintaining such rudimentary "community standards" of public decency seriously infringes on freedom of expression.

But people who like pornography and there are doubtless many who do (all Irish-Catholic and Puritan shibboleths notwithstanding), should also have the right to be protected from coercion by those repulsed by it. We say, let pornographers be pornographers, as long as they mind their own business.

The larger question, which the traditional yahoo fuss over pornography vs. morality allows people to duck, is not whether an adult can purchase sex books under or over the counter. It is rather, what is so fundamentally wrong with our society? Obscenity statutes are a placebo for the guilt feelings of a decadent society. When a Mr. Mishkin gets pinched, the good citizen has the secure feeling that our morals are being protected, so then he can take a client to a "topless" lunch and cheat the pants off him, and later visit a motel with his secretary before going home to the wife and kids.

With the pornographer safely in jail, it's easier to overlook the *real* obscenity all around us—in Alabama, in Vietnam—obscene situations where human beings are treated as inferior units to be used, kept in line, crushed, or killed.

As for sex—if the courts continue to define obscene material as that which arouses lewd thoughts, then they had better arrest the advertising agencies which place the girdle ads in the New York Times Magazine and the television designer who made the tights too tight on Batman and Robin. Sex is simply something that is being *used* in

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is society—for all manner of things sides reproduction and pleasure. Ours a society on the drool, and it is ownright misleading and unfair to ake the pornographer the dirty guy.

Opinion:

AMERIKA, AMERIKA UBER ALLES

by Christian Geissler
Translated by Philip Kimball

*As America judged the Germans at Nürnberg, the next generation of Germans is judging America's actions in Vietnam—by the standards of Nürnberg. They find us guilty of unspeakable war crimes. A leader in this movement is Christian Geissler, novelist (*The Sins of Our Fathers—*Random House) and member of the "Group 47" colloquium of German writers.*

The following is the abridged text of a speech, widely circulated in Germany, that Geissler gave last fall at anti-war rallies in Frankfurt and Nürnberg. He was speaking not only to his fellow Germans, from the depths of "our hellish German experience," but more precisely to Americans. This young man's anguished manifesto is peculiarly disturbing—possibly because he presumes to take the morality of the Nürnberg prosecutors at their word.

—THE EDITORS

THE TRIAL of the principal German war criminals began in Nürnberg on the 20th of November, 1945.

The International Court in Nürnberg found two German generals guilty of heinous crimes. Wilhelm Keitel, chief of the High Command of the Wehrmacht, and Alfred Jodl, chief of staff, were found guilty of participation in a conspiracy against peace, a conspiracy to achieve certain political goals through any means, including threat and violence.

They were found guilty of violating international treaties and agreements for the purpose of preparing and executing wars of aggression.

They were found guilty of command responsibility for war crimes, for the shooting, hanging, burning, starvation, and torture of human beings.

And finally they were found guilty of the systematic inhuman treatment of the civilian population of occupied areas.

Generals Keitel and Jodl were condemned to death and hanged, for "command and compliance" in the murder of thousands.

We were jubilant, my contemporaries and I. We were attentive, eager to learn. We thought then, "Good, the Nazis are behind us, now it can begin: a rational, free, peaceful life." You can see we were extremely naive then.

Today in our land, the business colleagues, the "command and compliance" colleagues of Keitel and Jodl, are receiving either large pensions, or what is worse, military and political power. How did this happen?

But still a second question emerges. One of the four principal prosecutors before the International Court in Nürnberg acted in the name of the United States of America. And that meant for us naive people in those times that he acted in the name of justice, freedom and humanity. Today that sounds like pure irony. But we young people, at least, believed in these very high standards of the court. We had seen through the immorality of the Nazis, and wanted to do away with it. We wanted to learn rational political thinking from the exacting moral gravity of the American prosecution.

And we learned. Furthermore, we take the liberty to apply this thinking today, and take the morality of the Nürnberg prosecutors at their word.

[Oradour and Lidice—today these are cities in Vietnam]

WHEN WILL AN international court convene and prosecute the responsible politicians and generals in the United States today, in the name of those Nürnberg values, in the name of justice, freedom and humanity?

Or is the American war in Vietnam no concern of ours? I think it is. For if the places Oradour and Lidice, which were discussed 20 years ago in Nürnberg, are any concern of ours, then this should have consequences. We should go through the day with open eyes, and not with blinders on. For it should be made known:

Oradour and Lidice today are cities in Vietnam. The text of the Nürnberg indictments must be used verbatim against the men who are now responsible in the Pentagon and the White House. And in the following respects:

1. Responsible American politicians and generals are participating in a conspiracy against peace, a conspiracy to achieve certain political goals by any means, even threat and violence. Anyone who wants to can study America's policy of encirclement and threat with respect to the Socialist countries.

2. Responsible American politicians and generals are violating certain international treaties and agreements to attain a position of political supremacy; in fact, as can easily be seen since Vietnam, in order to prepare and execute a war of aggression. You need only read the Potsdam agreements of 1945 and the Geneva Convention of 1954.

3. American politicians and generals are, whether they like it or not, responsible for definite war crimes taking place every day. They are responsible for the shooting, the burning, the starvation and torture of human beings under the jurisdiction of President Ky.

You need only read the news from Vietnam, from which it is clear that:

4. Responsible American politicians and generals must be held answerable for the inhuman treatment of the civilian populations of foreign countries in which they wish to maintain power.

[The SS and the Anticommunist Crusade]

THESE FOUR POINTS are enough to establish that the German generals executed in Nürnberg, Keitel and Jodl, would have been acceptable American officers, as judged by the American war policies now widely, but silently, sanctioned in the West.

I would like to be understood as exactly as possible in this important matter. For this reason I emphasize that it is not pleasant to indict those who liberated us from the Nazis. But because that was liberation, and should

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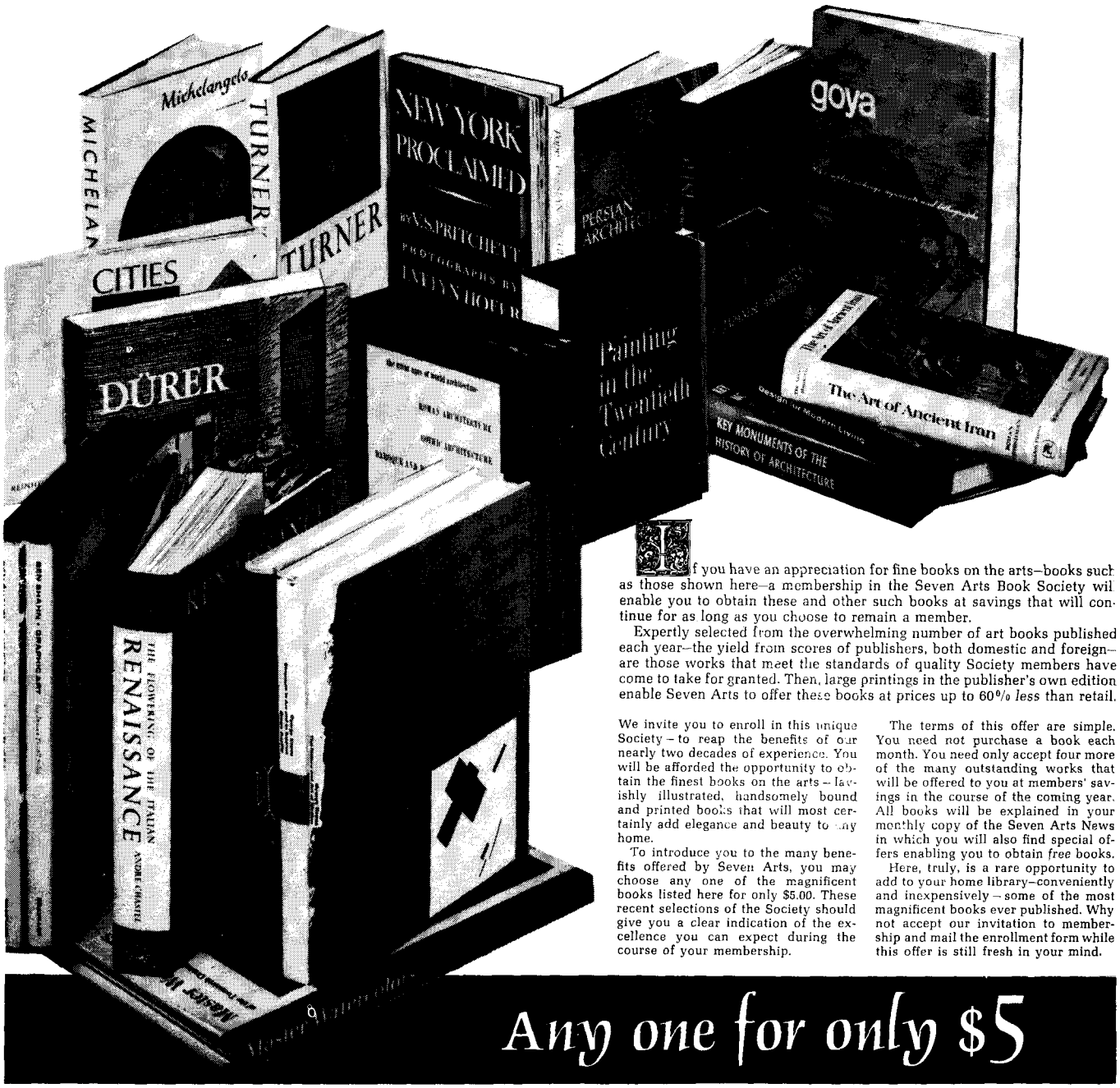

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emain liberation, I protest that the udgment of Nürnberg should be made farce by those who spoke it. I protest, in the name of the liberation of 945, that we should in 1965 be forced by an uninhibited American anticommunism into a situation that seduces us once again into accepting inhumanity and terror. And I take this opportunity to protest the shameless hypocrisy of those who daily show us the East Berlin Wall—yes, of those who are able to maintain that posture while day after day, today and at this very moment, men, women and children are burned out and beaten to death like rats as a result of orders from American generals.

But what is protest? Facts are facts.

And the American facts show us today that the executions in Nürnberg were completely useless. Furthermore they show that America lost her most effective military advisors when it executed the Nazi generals. The decadent, insane Himmler was right in 1945 at Flensburg when he said to German Secretary of State Krosigk:

"The increasing gravity of the East-West conflict will quickly follow. The SS will be essential. I feel absolutely secure. I will await the developments in hiding. The developments will work rapidly for me." Who would deny that it has happened quickly?

It must be plainly said, no matter how disagreeable it is, that America could find no better confederates on her present, blind anticommunist crusade than the old German SS. The irrational American mentality cannot find its way out of this dead-end street: fascism has always been the consequence of a militant anticommunism. Whoever has decided to fight communism with all possible means—with lies, terror and military violence—will always see the National Socialists and the SS people marching in the front ranks of his troops—like it or not.

The Americans seem to have long ago adapted their attitude to this logic. Their most important ally in Southeast Asia at this time is General Ky, a man who publicly calls Hitler his ideal and who finds the use of the armed SS exemplary. You can see that the judge has been contaminated by the plague of the culprit.

Am I going too far? Up until now I've only gone as far as South Vietnam. Soon, if the more rational Americans prove unable to overcome the Pentagon, there will be many Vietnams. President Johnson and his generals have finally told the rest of the world: "We will no longer sit idly by and allow a Communist government to develop in the Western hemisphere." That may sound like SAVE FREEDOM to many, but it is only pseudoreligious madness and murder. And let's not kid ourselves: they will unleash their war whenever they see the danger of losing their supremacy in a foreign country.

[Why was the Struggle against War Doomed to Failure?]

THE AMERICAN JUDGMENT in Nürnberg failed because of a contradiction. The ruling class of a victorious nation was attempting to pass judgment on actions resulting from precisely the same motives that led the judging, ruling class itself into power. You might think the term "ruling class" old fashioned and ridiculous, but it retains, nevertheless, its social meaning. It becomes even more meaningful the more it is forgotten by the dominated, i.e., by us. The concept "ruling class" still applies to those groups in Western societies with sufficient material power to control the property relationships of the society. It follows that they also control the consciousness of the society, so that it operates to the good of a few and to the misfortune of many. Yes, misfortune. For even the beautiful Volkswagen is not happiness as long as the driver knows nothing of himself or his situation. It is the misfortune of an entire society when the vast majority concerns itself with the top speed of automobiles while guided missile units roll past under the command of officers who once obeyed a Hitler.

WHAT I WANT to make clear in this context, as related to the judgment of Nürnberg, is the following:

1. Ruling classes can never effectively struggle against war, only ostensibly, for exactly that social system which made them the ruling class also breeds war.

2. Ruling classes in hostile countries —and this is plain to see in the Nürnberg trial—are apparently never so thoroughly hostile toward each other that the ruling class of victorious nation X really destroys the necessary materials essential for the survival of the ruling class in country Y. If they did they would destroy the ground on which they themselves build. The realist must conclude that the people on top help each other in the struggle against the advancement of the masses, in the struggle for the preservation of the old power structure, above and beyond Auschwitz and Hiroshima. And it doesn't matter in the least if the rulers did it with evil intentions or because of the economic or ideological pressures of the system they created. They created it, and that makes them responsible for the consequences.

In order to condemn and do away with war in 1945 it would have been necessary to condemn and change completely the power structure, i.e., the property relationships, throughout the Western world. Should such a change have been expected of America? It was unbelievably naive for us then to believe we would be free when a couple of Nazis were thrown in prison, to believe that when a couple of generals hang, war hangs too.

War will not be abolished by those for whom it is, in one way or another, profitable—either in the area of economic power, or in the area of spiritual and intellectual power. War will be abolished by those for whom it is simply a mean death. By us. Or by no one. And the gentlemen on top know that very well.

[The Emergency that is Feared on Top]

IN GERMANY, for example, they have made laws, the so-called Emergency Laws, aimed at preventing the only emergency the people on top fear. On top, way up on top, they have feared from the beginning the marvelous emergency that will break out when we here below, all together, awake from our anesthesia and notice what keeps us docile, what makes us helpless and dull, generation after generation. The coming Emergency Laws could, for example, forbid conversations such as this one, from one day to the next, under some pretext beyond our control.

In the not-too-distant future they will once again be able to do away with

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anyone who publicly works against war and its perpetrators—not only intellectually, like German publishing czar Axel Springer and his people have been doing for a long time, but physically.

Why don't we defend ourselves then? Why don't we make it clear to our allies that from experience, from our hellish German experience, we will not tolerate a development that destroys the best democratic traditions, and with them, the best political position?

If we fail to defend ouselves, if we don't exercise a little rationality, at least here in Europe, we will experience one day what the Vietnamese are experiencing today. When the gentlemen arrive at their goal with their anticommunist bomber-freedom, many men, women and children will suffocate, burn, starve here in Germany. And the rest will lie somewhere screaming. No one will hear them, and no one will recognize them. Only a bishop, perhaps, and perhaps a general too will speak, somewhere underground in a privileged bunker, of freedom, and will pray with good intentions for the souls of the mega-dead.

In view of the uselessness of the Nürnberg trials, it is difficult not to become resigned and cynical. But this is dangerous. Man's thinking dies from resignation and cynicism, his best hopes die, and finally the whole man. And that must not happen to us. For if it happens, we are then again ready for the next fascism, for the next barbarism, for the next war of the ruling class. And then they can, as today with the poor, stupid leathernecks, do with us what they will.

Therefore let us restrain our literary bent for the present, and turn our attention completely to the practical, to what Bertolt Brecht said in 1952 at the People's Congress for Peace in Vienna: *"Nothing will convince me that it is hopeless to stand by your reason against your enemies. Let us repeat what has been said a thousand times, to assure that it won't be said too little. Let us renew the warning, even if it is as ashes in our mouths. For mankind is threatened by wars, next to which the past ones look like miserable experiments, and they will come, without doubt, if the hands of those who prepare for them for all the world to see are not smashed."*

Travel:

SENOR FEEX

by G. M. Feigen

SENOR FEEX was the only man in Santo Domingo that made sense.

His lack of involvement was total, and this was something to hang your hat on when everyone else had a theory, a passion, and a political hero.

I met Señor Feex last fall when a Colombian visa got me into Santo Domingo during a period when an uneasy truce was being broken every day, in spite of zooming U.S. jeeps armed with four Marines and mounted 50-caliber machine guns. My only "contact" was a wilted card establishing my membership in Associated Negro Press International, certainly a peculiar ticket to be tendered by a Caucasian. But it was PRENSA (press) and Prensa is magic in the Dominican Republic.

"*Jeder Anfang ist schwer*," as the Germans say. Each beginning is difficult. The steaming heat, the endless roadblocks and the searches at gunpoint, and finding a room in a bastardized Hilton called the Embajador, almost drove me up the wall. I changed two damp U.S. twenties for 40 crisp new Dominican pesos, and followed a dark-brown bellboy named Ramón up to my room.

A friendly bellboy is someone of value when you are alone and uninformed in an area of violence. I gave him two pesos, mentioning that I needed help, and allowing him to infer that additional pesos would be forthcoming. Money seems to be the real international *esperanto*. He understood immediately that I wanted a driver that spoke English; an attempt to practice broken Spanish wastes a lot of time when you are looking for information. I also wanted a telephone book, a club sandwich, and a bottle of local beer.

He came through most efficiently under the circumstances. When he left he remarked with utter confidence: "I take care of everything. Just be careful of Señor Feex." I ate and drank, wondering how I was going to break into the seamless web of the Dominican NOW. A tepid shower made me marvelously sleepy, and I dropped off on top of the rickety bed, thinking of Ramón's last remark. Who in the hell was Señor Feex?

Later I looked around the lobby. The evening had begun with a thin rain that cooled the air and forced the guests inside. Groups of tough-looking American officers in combat dress talked quietly. Newspapermen sat sipping coolers on the wide, canopied veranda. There was a gambling casino which would open at 1800 hours, and a sign announcing a movie, *"Más Allà de Mombasa,"* with Victor Mature.

I stopped at the cigar store and bought a map of the city. The spaniel-eyed proprietor showed me the location of the various sectors, and I was about to leave, when as an afterthought I asked him, "Who is Señor Feex?"

"He is a man who hangs around the hotel. He can get you anything you want: exchange money, ticket to press conference, nice girl, pretty, young—anything, anything you want." His thin smile revealed the little cynicism and worldliness he could muster.

"Is his name really Feex?"

"Oh, no, Señor! They call him Feex because he can feex you up; he can feex things for you, like I told you—feex anything."

I went into the lush, highly-chromed bar, dark with smoke and damped light, crowded with U.S. officers, sleeves rolled up, jolly, jaunty, with the dark-haired, dark-eyed local ladies. I ordered a light rum on the rocks and was staring down into it, trying to remember a Dominican I had met at a World Affairs Conference back in 1962. He was a tall, heavy, articulate man, holding some important position in Santo Domingo. I couldn't recall what side he was on. The alcohol loosened me; I suddenly remembered and shouted his name aloud; "Gomez." A few people stared.

At this point, a short, sharp-nosed bantam-sized Latin came up to me.

"I oberheard your combersation, Señor," he said, looking at me with the weariest eyes I had ever seen. "If it is worth ten pesos, I can feex you up to see Garcia Gomez."

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"You are Señor Feex?" I inquired, sure of the answer.

"I am called that by some," he replied with great dignity. "My name is Maximo de los Reyes. I born here; my family born here."

"Whose side are you on?" I asked, ill-manneredly.

"There are no sides, as I am concerned. Only a circle, you comprend? Round and round, so you stop looking."

"I'll let you know," I said, finishing my drink. He shrugged and walked off. I watched him go—the slick shoes that tapered to patent leather points, the tight, sharp, silk suit, the obvious toupee which he couldn't know was slightly askew, and wondered why I didn't despise him on the spot.

Ramón located Gomez for two pesos. His number was unlisted, but a phone call to his brother did the trick. Gomez was warm and welcoming and arranged a meeting for the next evening.

THE NEXT MORNING I found a table on the terrace and ordered breakfast. The food was good, and served by a regiment of waiters who watched every bite. Toward the sea, an Olympic-sized swimming pool sat neglected. The surrounding gardens were carefully tended but managed to look melancholy, even in the bright sunlight. Flowers do not dilute danger. The ominous feeling generated by the scene was almost tactile. I was sighing over my last cup of coffee when he came over and sat down. He wore a fuchsia silk sport shirt and matching ascot.

"*Buenos días*, Señor. What about Gomez?"

"I took care of it," I said, reluctant to look at his eyes.

His brows went up for a moment, and then as if putting aside what could not be helped, he began again:

"Would you care to purchase an O.A.S. Prensa card? You have that and nobody ask any question. Bery expensive."

"I've already got one," I said, feeling smug and ashamed, somehow, of that. I resisted the temptation to show my card to him.

"How about an introduction to the public relation director of the Presidential Palace. Maybe you get to see Hector Godoy."

"What makes you think I want to visit the palace?"

"Look, Señor. It is my profession to know. You are a Yankee, you are not sure of what you want, no? You read about Juan Bosch, the *Constitutionalistas*, the *Acuerdo* in the Yankee paper. You want to understand, but you cannot understand; no one can understand. I know this place like the inside of my pocket. So I sell you how to see. It is my profession."

"I'll let you know."

I was somewhat repulsed by his profession—still, he couldn't be called a con man. He certainly did not misrepresent himself. He didn't even hate the gringo; it was as if he could not afford to hate—only to know and to sell.

My O.A.S. card got me into the Presidential Palace, where the public relations officer received me with some suspicion until he learned how many Negro newspapers there are. After that I was an important visitor. The press conference was short and unrevealing; Garcia-Godoy emanated a mixture of resolve and philosophical patience, just missing the charismatic quality of the dedicated leader. On the way back I drove close to the rebel sector, and saw the homes pock-marked by bullets and shells, buildings with large gaping holes from tank fire. There were more and more signs attacking the Yankees, on banners, on walls, on the streets. *"Contra el Yankee Invasor"* was the most popular. Here and there it was painted in a large red scrawl, and signed, Frente Unido, P.C.D. (Dominican Communist Party). Traffic policing and guard duty were in the hands of O.A.S. troops from Brazil, Nicaragua, Paraguay and Honduras, which the driver, with a peculiar, semi-lunar grimace, said should prove that occupation was not purely Yankee.

Señor Feex was standing at the bar, and I approached him with a cordial greeting. "How did you estimate Godoy?" he asked.

"I was a little disappointed," I said. "I expected a stronger man."

"He is strong, but he also vulnerable." He relished the word. "He is not supposed to run for Presidente, but he will find an excuse. Power is nice—hard to stop."

"There were maybe 1500 killed in the Revolution," he said. "That is a nice round number. There will be more and more killed. This afternoon while you were away, a bomb explode downtown; destroy one magazine and two people."

"How do you stay out of trouble, Señor?" I was really curious.

"They need me." With this cryptic remark, he left. It was the first time he hadn't tried to sell me something.

THE VISIT TO Gomez was bland, although he and his wife were quite disturbed. Godoy is weak and unwilling to exert force against downtown, the American ambassador is an ineffectual who believes in endless patience, the Church waits for the winner. "Industry is paralyzed by strikes, we produce nothing. There is no room here for liberals."

Back at the hotel I tried to clear my mind by taking a seat on the terrace and watching the movie, which was in English with Spanish subtitles. At one point, Victor Mature lifted his glass to a lovely lady, and said, "Here's mud in your eye, baby." The subtitle read, "*A su salud*." With that I decided to go to bed, but I saw Feex nearby.

"How you liked, Gomez?" he asked as we sauntered over to the elevator.

"He's a liberal, and he says there is no room for liberals here."

"Let me tell you something. Gomez was a close friend of Trujillo; he open his publishing business as front for Trujillo. When Trujillo get killed, Gomez never tell that he is only front man; he keep the business."

"It's very confusing. Two things seem to come up all the time—you can't be a reactionary, and everyone seems to be double-crossing someone."

He stared at the tinted window, as if beyond, he could see the simple distillate of the Dominican ferment. *"Es verdad.* You cannot be a reactionary in this country. But I propose to you an idea. The reactionary is the man who makes things happen; it is like . . ." He groped for a simile. "It is like an automobile stalled on the highway; it makes the cars behind angry; they cannot move, so they do something!" He made a loud clap with his hands. "The liberals move so fast, the traffic keeps going." He paused to see if I understood.

"As for the double-cross, eberyone here double-cross. Imbert double-cross the liberal and make a deal with Castro; the Yankee, Martin, double-cross Imbert—so did the military junta and Señor Bunker; the *Constitutionalistas* double-cross Godoy; the Chinese-type Communist double-cross the Russian-

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type Communist." He paused and turned to me, his face a commitment to indignation, "And you ask me what side I'm on. I am on *my* side!" There was a long silence. He let an assortment of emotions pass in review.

"By the way," he offered. "I can get you into the Rebel Headquarters for 30 pesos."

"I'll think it over," I said. I began to feel badly about refusing him so many times; in a way, it was a professional affront.

"I don't suppose you want a lady tonight, long legs—as you say, bibacious?" He glanced at my face. "Too bad. This one is *muy simpática*."

A driver took me to Rebel Headquarters. It was a drab building, with a narrow, diagonal staircase nailed against the front and without other visible support. I walked in and was greeted by the end of a Thompson submachine gun rammed into my beltline. No one spoke English. The teen-aged soldiers were not impressed with me or my credentials, as I rattled off Prensa, American, Polaroid camera, doctor of medicine. At the word "doctor" a smartly-dressed officer emerged from a side office and introduced himself. He was a doctor, too; also a colonel. He told me that a man had to be careful that in his anger against the Right, he did not move to the extreme Left, where a liberal has no choice. He showed me around and gave me his card. He was killed several months later at a meeting in Santiago. They said it was a mistake.

I was anxious to get to Port-au-Prince where I had managed to get an appointment to interview Papa Doc Duvalier. I packed up and checked out, and discovered that the hotel would not exchange pesos for dollars. I knew that the exchange rate in the States was 85 cents a peso, and decided to wait until I got home to make the swap. Who should turn up, just at that moment, but Señor Feex.

"I give you 60 cents U.S. per peso, Señor," pulling out a fat wad of American bills. Before I answered, he had accurately evaluated my supply of pesos and offered me the green for the pink. I took it. It seemed I should make some small sacrifice to this constant little brigand who represented the other polarity to the partisans. We smiled good-bye. I think he liked me.

Waiting at the airport between the soaking and the baking, I tried to assort my information and my feelings. It was more a revolving than a revolution, a rapid circus-motion of events which could not be halted for examination. I knew that the people would ultimately win out; I knew that the U.S. would ultimately pull out; I sensed that the deep political force of socialism would eventually structure a government, with or without a dictator. This diminutive half-island was another miniature test tube in an idiot lab—a tiny crucible for the chemists of Big System politics. Right now it was a pin-wheel, spinning frantically, flashing fire, making a lot of noise, and burning itself out.

I thought of a song I heard as a little boy:

In the land of San Domingo
Lives a girl called Oh By Jingo
Yah, yah, yahdeyah de yah
Umpah, umpah, umpah, umpah . . .

Oh by Jingo! Yah, yah. Umpah! Goodbye, Señor Feex.

Letters:

PLEAS!

SIRS:

Your December 1965 issue is excellent, valuable, and whatever else.

May I make a strong plea that you print an extra "special supplement" (as you did the the July 1965 Southeast Asia supplement) containing the articles of Robert Scheer and Bernard Fall on Vietnam. PLEASE! Massive distribution of such reporting is needed, if we are to bring home to the American public the truly genocidal nature of what our Vietnam "commitment" has come to be.

RICHARD B. DU BOFF
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Editors Note: RAMPARTS' *supplement, "A Vietnam Primer," is now available.*

THE MIDDLE KETTLE OF HELL

SIRS:

Wonderful story on dear old Oaklanc . . . Discovered it with delight and reac it with 100% approval. It is absolutely true, every word of it, and if anything the facts were understated and played down. Local joke here is that it caused Mayor Houlihan to resign, but that may be an exaggeration.

VIVIAN C. BOARMAN
Berkeley, California

SIRS:

Your "Metropoly" game of last issue was a real cute idea but a dull game. The squares on your Metropoly Board were all the same except for the East Oakland Parish. Monopoly has a bigger board with a lot more variety. In fact your Metropoly Board was a lot like Mr. Hinckle's essay on Oakland: too dull and too one-sided!

Everyone knows that Oakland has a tremendous problem. For those who haven't set foot in Oakland, such major reputable magazines as *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Look* have adequately described the disturbing conditions. But where Mr. Hinckle and Co. missed the boat was in their dull *ad hominem* 22-page description of the *problem* with practically no (three pages) description of efforts toward a *solution*.

In all fairness to his readers Mr. Hinckle should have presented a more complete picture of the members of the "guerrilla war" in Oakland.

PAUL J. FEYEN
St. Patrick's Seminary
Menlo Park, California

SIRS:

Yesterday I bought one of your filthy numbers. I had to go to Berkeley to buy it. I doubt very much if your junk could be bought in Oakland.

I hope that writer of the Oakland article has to stew in the middle kettle of Hell for a million years for writing such a big lie. As for Duncan, Hell is just too good for him. As for all the promoters of RAMPARTS, I would enjoy seeing all of you on a platform with a rope around your necks and I could pull the trigger to drop you.

JNO. J. ANDERSON
Oakland, California

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Addenda

SPECIAL REPORT FROM CAMBODIA & SAIGON

This Ramparts Special Report
was written by Stanley K. Sheinbaum
and Robert Scheer who recently
spent three weeks in Cambodia
and South Vietnam.

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1965 Julian Hartt of the Los Angeles Times reported, "In one of the most shocking revelations of the entire Southeast Asian struggle, it is apparent to our own forces that a substantial amount of war material to the Communists is moving by lighters up the Mekong River through South Vietnam to Phnom Penh, Cambodia's capital, thence overland back to South Vietnam and the Communist guerrillas." On the same day the L.A. Times reported a debate within the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff concerning a "proposal to hit Cambodia with everything in our arsenal short of nuclear weapons, virtually the same as we are doing in attacking Vietnam." Such discussions centering around a possible U.S. attack on Cambodia stem from military "suspicions" that Cambodia provides a sanctuary and supply route for Viet Cong and North Vietnam regular troops.

Life magazine has helped to popularize these vague and unofficial claims with a map bearing fat red arrows which point to a "Ho Chi Minh Trail" running through Ratanakiri Province in Northeastern Cambodia. The same province is crosshatched-- indicating a "suspected" PAVN (North Vietnamese Army) sanctuary.

The presence of North Vietnamese troops in Cambodia has not been verified but, according to a Washington Post dispatch of December 17, 1965, "The Johnson Administration has authorized American troops to carry the war against the Communists into neighboring Cambodia and Laos if their personal safety is at stake." The next step the military seeks is to bomb alleged supply depots, implicitly including Phnom Penh.

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ON THE "TRAIL": Washington does not make these accusations official. So we decided to look for ourselves. We asked for and received from the Cambodians planes, jeeps, interpreters and other necessary equipment. For over a week we canvassed the entire South Vietnam border by air, jeep and foot. Access was given on momentary notice, and we were able to closely survey the areas in question. The same treatment was accorded to New York Times and Washington Post correspondents when they covered this territory.

At one point we were accompanied in our travels through Ratanakiri Province, a restricted military section, by the Australian ambassador and his military attache who officially represent the U.S. in Cambodia. This province is not the desolate area pictured in the U.S. but is aswarm with hundreds of army veterans and their families whom the government provided with homes and land to colonize and protect the area.

We discovered that north-south roads from Laos are non-existent north of Voeune-Sai, 50 kilometers from the Laotian border. The only east-west road, Route 19 (a one-way, sometimes impassable rutted affair) is severed by a bombed-out bridge at the military post of Kompadou. Neither at the Laotian end nor at the South Vietnamese frontier is vehicular traffic possible. Foot paths do exist, but significant supplies and equipment could not be handled.

It remains possible, of course, that small patrols of Viet Cong and PAVN in flight do cross into Cambodia. Phnom Penh, ever concerned with its neutrality guards against such incursions-- though there is the possibility that local officials may abet them. One cannot prove that Viet Cong patrols never cross the rugged Cambodian frontier. But there is no evidence of utilization of Cambodian territory as a staging area and supply route.

IN THE CITIES: We also explored the area including and surrounding the cities of Sihanoukville and Phnom Penh. All civilians, including foreign tourists, diplomats and trade people may travel and photograph freely here: we were not granted any special privileges. In fact, the road from Sihanoukville to Vietnam passes through the major resort town of Kep which draws many American tourists who visit there unrestricted. It is strange that, under these circumstances, not one piece of photographic evidence substantiating U.S. charges has yet been produced.

Our conclusion: travel and atmosphere in this area of Cambodia are too free and accessible to foreigners to permit any major clandestine operation. Also, it is impossible to ship significant quantities of arms unnoticed through Sihanoukville and Phnom Penh, both located in provinces which are non-military.

(CONTINUED FOLLOWING PAGE 51)

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The university on the make

Introduction

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1958, I cut my vacation short and rushed off to San Francisco to meet the four leading police figures of South Vietnam. Among them they controlled the Saigon police, the national police and the VBI, South Vietnam's equivalent of the FBI.

Within an hour of their arrival the youngest, a nephew of Ngo Dinh Diem, conspiratorially drew me aside and informed me that one of the others was going to kill the eldest of the group. The story he told possessed plot and counter-plot. In essence, Michigan State University was being used to invite these men to the United States under the auspices of its foreign aid contract in Vietnam. The dirty deed was to be done prophylactically in the States, uncluttered by any complicating factors in Saigon.

At a time when relations between Diem and the U.S. were already strained, the whole story might have been a trick to embarrass Washington. Or else my informant's facts could have been straight, and failure to take action would have been equally embarrassing. The upshot was some nocturnal maneuvers and a cross-country flight designed to separate the quartet by forcibly hospitalizing the supposed target on the pretext he showed signs of T.B.

Nothing ever came of the episode. The intended target lived long enough to be executed by Diem's successors for having assassinated a variety of political prisoners himself.

The question is, why was I, of the Department of Economics at MSU, involved in such ugliness?

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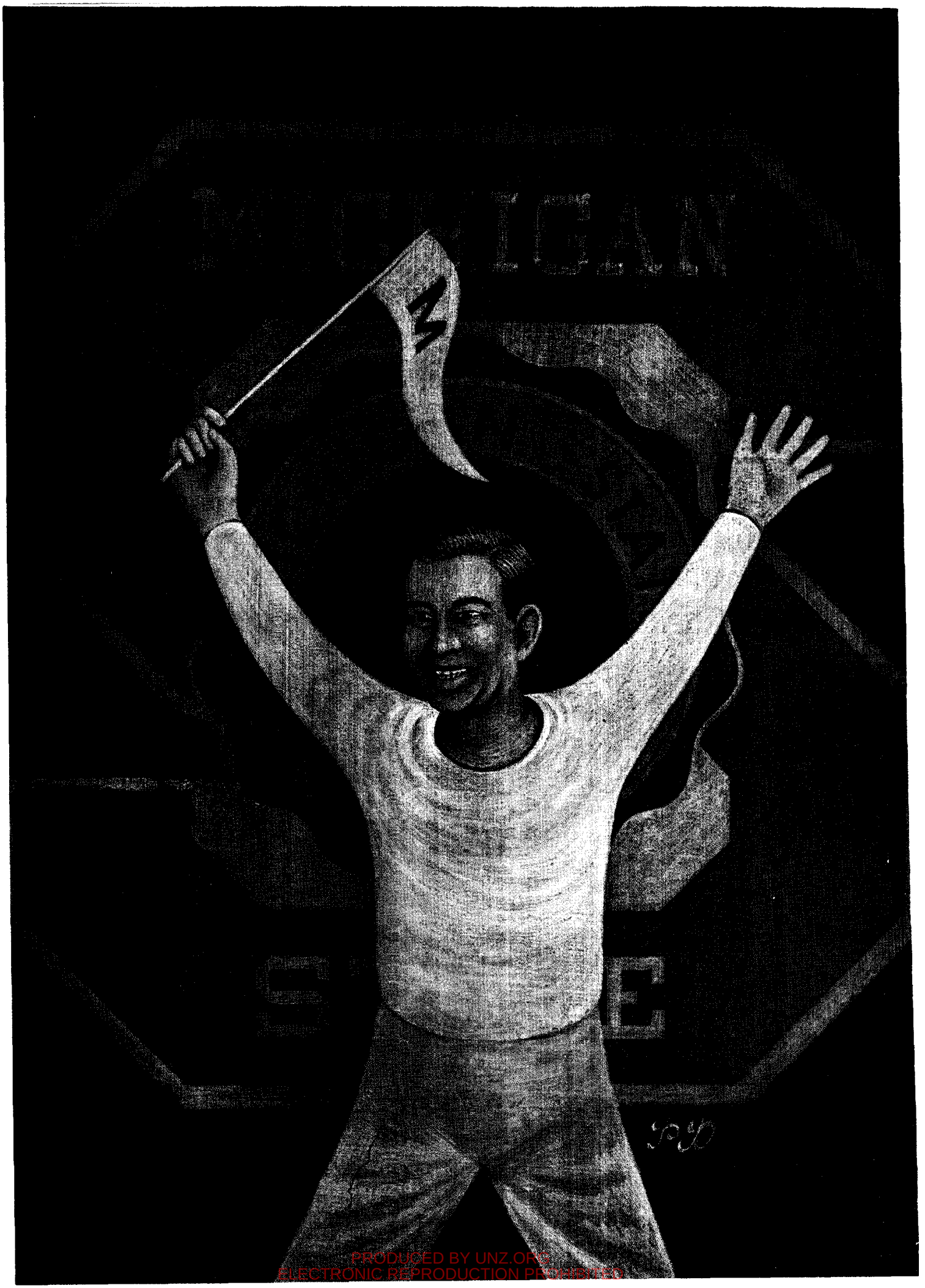

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I was coordinator of the Vietnam Project at Michigan State University, and I am no less culpable of the charges I make herein, or are made in the following article, than are any of my former colleagues. Looking back I am appalled how supposed intellectuals (Aren't academicians supposed to be intellectuals?) could have been so uncritical about what they were doing. There was little discussion and no protest over the cancellation of the 1956 elections. Nor were any of us significantly troubled by the fact that our Project had become a CIA front. (The University is still denying this in an odd mixture of embarrassment and loyalty.) On the campus a pitiful handful of faculty — usually mavericks and among the best teachers — questioned MSU's role in assisting U.S. foreign policy. (One of these became an enthusiast when the opportunity arose for him to make a leisurely trip to Saigon on behalf of the Project.) From Saigon some professors did write popular and troublesome articles criticizing Diem's oppressions. Good, but even these bold ventures accepted U.S. policy as given with no questions asked.

The Michigan State professors performed at all levels. They advised on fingerprinting techniques, on bookkeeping, on governmental budgeting and on the very writing of South Vietnam's constitution. One was even instrumental in the choice of the President of South Vietnam. But in all this they never questioned U.S. foreign policy which had placed them there and which, thereby, they were supporting.

The following article on MSU's involvement in Vietnam is merely a case study of two critical failures in American education and intellectual life today. The first and more obvious is the diversion of the university away from its functions (and duties) of scholarship and teaching. The second has to do with the failure of the academic intellectual to serve as critic, conscience, *ombudsman*. Especially in foreign policy, which henceforth will bear heavily on our very way of life at home, is this failure serious.

For this failure has left us in a state of drift. We lack historical perspective. We have been conditioned by our social science training not to ask the normative question; we possess neither the inclination nor the means with which to question and judge our foreign policy. We have only the capacity to be experts and technicians to serve that policy. This is the tragedy of the Michigan State professors: we were all automatic cold warriors.

On every campus from Harvard to Michigan State, the story is the same. The social science professor, trained (not educated) to avoid the bigger problems, is off campus expertising for his government or industry client whose assumptions he readily adopts. His students are mechanistically led through the same social science materials by a less competent instructor or graduate assistant, and they will be as little exposed to questions of judgment and the application of wisdom as was the professor in the first place.

No doubt the problem is far more advanced at parvenu institutions like Michigan State than in the Ivy League. The struggle for status, recognition and money is an irresistible lure; the glamorous project is grabbed and sometimes even invented. Within the university only the exceptional faculty member seeks reward and promotions via scholarship and teaching. The easier and even the more prestigious route, is that of the new breed professor with his machine-stamped PhD who orbits in the university's stratosphere of institutes, projects and contracts. The student is lowest among his priorities. The work he emphasizes is of dubious value — by reason of his bias against considerations of value.

Where is the source of serious intellectual criticism that would help us avoid future Vietnams? Serious ideological controversy is dead and with it the perspective for judgment. Our failure in Vietnam was not one of technical expertise, but rather of historical wisdom. We at Michigan State failed to take a critical stance a decade ago. This was our first responsibility, and our incapacity gave rise to the nightmare described in the following pages.

—*Stanley K. Sheinbaum*

THE VIETNAMESE SOLDIER in the sentry box stood at attention as the chauffeured limousine bearing license plate No. 1 from the government motor pool roared down the long driveway of the French villa, picked up speed and screeched off along the road towards the palace where the President was waiting breakfast.

The year was 1957, the city was Saigon, and the man who lived in the huge villa with its own sentry box was no Batman of the diplomatic corps. He was only Wesley Fishel of East Lansing, Michigan, assistant professor of political science at Michigan State University.

Peasants who scrambled off the road to make way for the speeding professor might have wondered what was happening, but Fishel's academic compatriots could have no doubt: he was "making it." To make it, in the new world of Big University politics, was no longer as elemental as publishing or perishing. You needed "contact" with the outside world. You had to get a government contract. You had to be an operator. And some people viewed Professor Fishel in South Vietnam in the mid 1950s as the Biggest Operator of them all.

Illustrations by Paul Davis

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Some professors on the make have had a bigger press, but none deserves notoriety more than Wesley Fishel. Eugene Burdick, for instance, got a lot of publicity out of his quickie novels and underwater beer commercials on television. But no academician has ever achieved Fishel's distinction in getting his school to come through with enough professors, police experts and guns to secure his friend's dictatorship.

That was what Wesley Fishel was about on that humid Saigon morning, burning rubber to visit Ngo Dinh Diem. The presidential palace was known informally and with some degree of jealousy by the United States Mission in Saigon as the "breakfast club," because that was where Diem and Fishel and Wolf Ladejinsky, the agricultural expert left over from the New Deal, ate morning melons several times a week and discussed the state of the nation.

Leland Barrows, the United States Mission chief, was disturbed because he couldn't get to see Diem anywhere near that often. And Fishel was particularly closed-mouthed about his regular morning conferences. Saigon in the early days of the Diem regime was a status-minded city, and Fishel had a bigger villa than Barrows, bigger, even, than the American ambassador's. This residential ranking attests to Fishel's importance as head of the Michigan State University Group in Vietnam, an official university project under contract to Saigon and Washington, with responsibility for the proper functioning of Diem's civil service and his police network, the shaping up of the 50,000 man "ragamuffin" militia, and the supplying of guns and ammunition for the city police, the civil guard, the palace police, and the dreaded *Sûreté* — South Vietnam's version of the FBI. No small task for a group of professors, but one which Michigan State took to as if it were fielding another national championship football team.

One lesser-known, and perhaps more unpleasant task of the MSU professors was to provide a front for a unit of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. This is a role that both Professor Fishel and Michigan State University have now chosen to forget. It is described here as a specific, if shocking, documentation of the degree of corruption and abject immorality attending a university which puts its academic respectability on lend-lease to American foreign policy.

[JOHN A. HANNAH, THE PRESIDENT AS COACH]

THE DECAY OF TRADITIONAL academic principles found in the modern university on the make may well be traced to Harold Stassen and Clark Kerr, but it is best exemplified by President John A. Hannah of Michigan State University. Stassen, in the International Cooperation Administration, was responsible for the concept that American universities should be tapped as "manpower reservoirs" for the extension of Americanism abroad, and Clark Kerr, the embattled Berkeley savant, first came up with the vision of the large university as a "service station" to society. Hannah, an Eisenhower liberal with a penchant for public service, has made these concepts the *raison d'être* of MSU.

Hannah, in a blustery way, represents the best traditions of the American Success Story. The son of an Iowa chicken farmer, he took a degree in poultry husbandry from Michigan Agricultural College in 1922. Then, like the football hero who works for 30 years in the college bookstore because he can't bear to leave the campus, Hannah stayed on in East Lansing. He taught chicken farming, married the president's daughter, got his first taste of public service during a stint with the Department of Agriculture as an NRA administrator, came back to campus and in 1941 succeeded his father-in-law as president.

MSU, under President Hannah's tutelage, is more service oriented than the average Standard Oil retail outlet. MSU's School of Agriculture aids farmers, its School of Hotel Management turns out educated room clerks, its School of Police Administration graduates cops sophisticated in the social sciences. MSU once offered a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in Mobile Homes under a program financed by the trailer industry.

BUT IT IS IN THE FIELD of international service that Michigan State has really made it. A shiny new building on campus houses MSU's Center for International Programs — an edifice built, incidentally, with funds from the administrative allowance on the seven-year Vietnam contract. The University has over 200 faculty members out every year in the boondocks of the world running "educational projects" in 13 countries including Colombia, Taiwan, Turkey, Brazil and Okinawa. *Time* magazine recently acknowledged the MSU president's extensive influence on the role of American universities overseas by recording Hannah's boast that he can "tap his campus specialists, get an answer to most any question for government or research groups within 30 minutes." Now that *is* service.

The list of countries MSU is presently "helping" is lopsided with military dictatorships, but it is not President Hannah's style to question the assignment his country gives him. A former Assistant Secretary of Defense under General Motor's Charles Wilson, Hannah sees the military, like football, as an important character-building element in life. His view of the modern university is tied to the liberal concept of America as the defender of the free world. That the university must prepare young citizens to assume this proud task, and to be a leader abroad in areas

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chosen for it by the Federal government, is Hannah's educational credo.

Despite Hannah's obvious pride in the work his university is doing overseas, he is particularly reticent in discussing its most extensive foreign operation. In a colorful brochure about MSU's international programs, given away free to visitors, there is only one sentence about the Vietnam Project — despite the fact that this was the largest single project ever undertaken by an American university abroad, a project that spent the incredible amount of 25 million in American taxpayers' dollars in giving "technical assistance" to the Republic of South Vietnam under Ngo Dinh Diem. This one-sentence treatment of MSU's Vietnam operation is like reducing to a photo caption in the school yearbook the story of the prize-winning basketball team — because the coach was caught taking bribes.

A key to MSU's apparent official desire to forget about the Vietnam experience, dubbed the "Vietnam Adventure" by some professors who worked on the Project, might be found in the unexpressed fear that the details of the University's "cover" for the CIA may become public knowledge. If pressed for an answer, Fishel denies any such role and so does President Hannah. "CIA agents were not knowingly on our staff — if that were true we didn't know about it," Hannah said recently in his office, sitting beneath the portrait of Lincoln that hangs above his desk. But this assertion of innocence is flatly contradicted by the disclosures of other professors who held administrative positions in the Project. Indeed, the weight of evidence is that MSU finally had to ask the CIA unit to go elsewhere because its presence had become such embarrassing general knowledge in Saigon and East Lansing.

Economist Stanley K. Sheinbaum, the campus coordinator of MSU's Vietnam operation for three years, was flabbergasted by Hannah's denial: "If John Hannah can make up something like that, he calls into question his competence as a university president," he said.

[Wesley Fishel, the Professor as Proconsul]

One indication of Wesley Fishel's power in Saigon in the hey-day of the Diem era was provided by a veteran of that period who recently paid a return visit to Saigon. "I heard people talking about what 'Westy' would think," he said, "and for a minute I thought that Wesley was back."

"Westy," in the Saigon vernacular, is General William Westmoreland, but those in the know used to talk about "Wesley" in the same awe-struck fashion. There is one public reminder of the transfer of power. "Westy" is now running the war out of the same office building, a reconverted apartment house at 137 Pasteur Street, that used to be "Wesley's" headquarters.

Like most fateful alliances, the Diem-Fishel axis had humble beginnings. The pair met in Tokyo in July of 1950 when each was going nowhere in his chosen field. Diem was an exiled Vietnamese politician with a mandarin personality and a strong sense of predestination but few tangible hopes of assuming power in his war-ravaged country. Fishel was just a run-of-the-mill academician, a young political scientist from UCLA who had written a nondescript thesis on Chinese extra-territoriality and was about to accept a position at Michigan State.

Both were ambitious, looking for an angle, and Napoleon-sized. Diem was 5′ 4″; Fishel, a well-built, curly-haired man with the stance of a bantam rooster, appears to be about the same size. The men became friends and a relationship developed by extensive correspondence over the ensuing year. They exchanged favors early. Fishel had his friend appointed consultant to Michigan State's Governmental Research Bureau and helped arrange a long stay in the United States where Diem picked up substantial backing among prominent Americans from Cardinal Spellman to Senator Mike Mansfield (Ramparts, July 1965). In return Diem in 1952 asked the French to let Michigan State furnish technical aid to Vietnam at United States expense, but the French refused.

Fishel, however, had ultimate faith. An East Lansing colleague recalls that one day Fishel cornered him in the faculty lounge and, with the exuberance of one who could no longer restrain himself, whispered excitedly, "My friend Diem is going to be Premier of Vietnam one of these days!" The prediction was taken lightly; Fishel had neither the swagger nor the stripes of a kingmaker.

But when Diem was named Premier in July 1954, almost his first official act was to request Washington to send Wesley to Saigon to advise him. Fishel arrived within weeks, and just weeks later Diem asked for the second time that MSU set up a technical assistance program in Vietnam. The request, this time, had smooth sailing.

With Fishel already in Saigon, there was virtually no one on the East Lansing campus with any knowledge about Vietnam when Diem's assistance request was relayed through official Washington channels. President Hannah, not one to let the possibility of a substantial contract go by, tapped four faculty members for an "inspection team" and put them on a plane to Saigon in almost whirlwind fashion.

The four were Arthur Brandstatter, an ex-MSU football hero who now heads the Police Administration School; James Dennison, the University's public relations man; Edward Weidener, then chairman of the Political Science Department; and Economics Department Chairman

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Charles Killingsworth. None of these men had any experience in academic or technical assistance roles overseas, nor did they have any expertise in Far Eastern affairs, a deficiency they attempted to repair by reading newspaper clippings on Vietnam during the plane ride. The first time they met as a group was when they fastened their seat belts.

Saigon was a city in ferment in September 1954, when MSU's "inspection team" arrived. Diem was nominally in power, but he had no real support except among a small number of middle-class Catholics and Saigon merchants. The French were preparing to pull out, the Saigon police were controlled by the Binh Xuyen pirate sect, the private armies of the religious sects were in substantial control of the Vietnamese lowlands, the Vietnamese Army was in fledgling revolt against Diem, and the civil service machinery was in a state of stagnation.

The professors found their colleague Fishel and General Edward Lansdale of the CIA maneuvering furiously to consolidate Diem's support, an effort that culminated with the endorsement of Diem by the United States Security Council in the spring of 1955. The professors also learned that Diem was suspicious of the members of the United States Mission in Saigon, many of whom he felt held pro-French sentiments. The one American Diem really trusted was Wesley Fishel, and this trust was reflected two weeks later when the MSU inspection team returned to East Lansing and recommended a massive technical assistance contract, unprecedented in the history of university operations overseas. This contract committed Michigan State to do everything for Diem, from training his police to writing his constitution.

Contract negotiations bogged down over technical matters, but the jam was broken in the early spring of 1955 by a telephone call from Washington to Hannah requesting that the red tape be cut and MSU involve itself in Vietnam — in a hurry. Fishel once indicated in an interview that the request came from former vice-president Nixon, but he now denies this, and so does President Hannah. The phone call, Hannah told the *Detroit News*, came from an authority "even higher than Nixon." This leaves a choice of John Foster Dulles; his brother, CIA chief Allen Dulles; or Eisenhower himself. At any rate, President Hannah did his duty as he saw it. The first MSU professors joined Wesley Fishel in Saigon in late May of 1955.

In 1956 Fishel abandoned his role as "advisor" to Diem, and assumed the title of Chief of Mission of the MSU Group. For the next four years, he was the most important American in Vietnam. "Wesley was the closest thing to a proconsul that Saigon had," said one of the MSU professors. The assistant professor of political science entertained frequently and lavishly in his opulent villa, and if his parties got a little out of hand the Saigon police obliged by cordoning off the street. No professor has ever made it so big; in the academic world, Fishel was sovereign.

But if the proconsul lived well, so did his lieutenants. East Lansing is hardly a midwestern Paris, and for most of the professors the more exotic and free-wheeling life in Saigon was the closest thing to the high life they had known. Academicians and their families, at first a little uncomfortable, assumed the easy ways of the former French colonial masters. They moved into spacious, air-conditioned villas, rent-free, in the old French section of Saigon, bought the better scotches at the American commissary at $2 a bottle, hired servants at $30 a month, were invited to all the better cocktail parties because they knew "Wesley," went tiger hunting for laughs, and, with various "hardship" and "incentive" salary hikes, made close to double their normal salaries. (A professor earning $9,000 for teaching class at East Lansing got $16,500 a year for "advising" in Vietnam — taxfree.)

The "Vietnam Adventure" also did wonders for the professors' tenure. Despite the activist nature of their work in Vietnam and the lack of any substantial scholarly research during the Project, two-thirds of the MSU faculty who went to Saigon got promotions either during their tour of duty or within a year of their return. Professor Fishel, in particular, scored points. His published work was virtually non-existent and he was absent from his classes for years at a time. But, in 1957, MSU promoted him to the rank of full professor.

[Hear-No-CIA, See-No-CIA]

Central Intelligence Agency men were hidden within the ranks of the Michigan State University professors. They were all listed as members of the MSU Project staff and were formally appointed by the University Board of Trustees. Several of the CIA men were given academic rank and were paid by the University Project.

The CIA agents' instructions were to engage in counter-espionage and counter-intelligence. Their "cover" was within the police administration division of the Michigan State Group. The CIA unit was self-contained, and appeared on an official organization chart of the MSU Project as "VBI INTERNAL SECURITY SECTION." This five-man team was the largest section within the police administration division of the MSU Vietnam operation. The police administration division in turn was by far the largest of the three divisions of the MSU Group.

"VBI" was Michigan State shorthand for "Vietnamese Bureau of Investigation," the new name the professors

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had given the old *Sûreté*, the Vietnamese special police. The head of the "Internal Security Section" of the VBI under the Michigan State operation was Raymond Babineau who was in Saigon from the outset of the MSU Project. The other men were hired later by the University and listed on its staff chart as "Police Administration Specialists." All four — Douglas Beed, William Jones, Daniel Smith, and Arthur Stein — gave their previous employment as either "investigator" or "records specialist" in the Department of the Army.

THE CIA CONTINGENT, despite the continued denials of Fishel and Hannah, was identified by two former Project officials — Stanley Sheinbaum and Professor Robert Scigliano, an MSU political scientist who was assistant Project chief of the MSU Vietnam Group from 1957-1959. It is also confirmed, in writing, by Scigliano and Professor Guy H. Fox, a former MSU Project chief, in a book titled *Technical Assistance in Vietnam: The Michigan State University Experience*, published by Praeger in 1965.

Sheinbaum, as part of his duties as campus coordinator, hired Stein, Smith and Jones. At the time all he knew about the men was that they came from the "Department of the Army." Sheinbaum recalls that he was proceeding to investigate the background of the three applicants before accepting them when he was told "that it wouldn't be necessary to check out these guys." The message came from Professor Ralph Smuckler, a former Vietnam Project head.

Sheinbaum said he was on the job for 18 months before he was taken into the administration's confidence and told about the CIA men. "Smuckler pulled me aside one day and told me that I should know that these CIA guys were there, but that we didn't talk about them," he said.

Professor Scigliano's first brush with the CIA came during his first meeting with the police advisory group in Saigon. He said that Babineau, whom he knew from the organizational chart as head of the VBI Internal Security, was introduced as a CIA man. The other CIA agents were also introduced, and Babineau made a short speech in which he expressed hope that the professors and his people would get along well. Scigliano recalls Babineau saying, "We hope we don't get in your way."

A professor and his wife became friends with one of the CIA men and his wife, and the couples often dined together. "We talked about books and music," he said, but there was an unspoken rule that they would never mention the CIA. The entire unit operated on an identical hear-no-CIA, see-no-CIA basis. They worked out of offices in one corner of the police administration floor of the beige, converted apartment building that housed the MSU Project. The CIA men came in early in the morning, stayed for about an hour, and then locked their offices and left for the day. They all drove their own cars and their French was the most fluent on the Project.

If the CIA men got nothing else from their fraternization with Michigan State University, they became the first persons in the spy business to gain academic recognition. "Some of the CIA guys attained faculty status at MSU — some as lecturers, some as assistant professors, depending on their salaries. I know, because I remember signing the papers that gave them faculty rank," Sheinbaum said.

The CIA unit operated within its Michigan State "cover" until 1959. Scigliano and Fox state in their book, in what must rank as one of the more terse statements of the decade: "USOM [United States Operations Mission] also absorbed at this time [1959] the CIA unit that had been operating within MSUG [Michigan State University Group]."

In plain language, Michigan State threw the CIA men out. One of the principal factors leading to the MSU decision was that by 1959 just about everybody in the know was cognizant of the CIA operation. This was not only embarrassing to the legitimate professors, but it served to taint the reputation of the limited amount of solid academic work that was done during the Project. For instance, an anthropologist working far out in the Vietnamese flatlands was flabbergasted to find a local police chief interrupt his work on the grounds that he was digging up bones on behalf of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. The decision to terminate the CIA unit was brought to Professor Scigliano by Smuckler. Babineau was not in Saigon at the time, so Professor Scigliano gave Jones the bad news. He recalls that Jones was "quite upset," as was the United States Mission which wanted the CIA unit to stay right where it was — sheltered by the groves of academe.

Within weeks, the entire "VBI Internal Security Section" had moved over to the offices of the United States Mission to operate, presumably, more in the open. By 1959, the United States was making little pretense of following the Geneva Accords anyway.

[ACADEMICS IN ARMORED CARS]

IN THE SPRING OF 1955 Diem gained control of the Army. The United States, which was (and still is) providing the entire South Vietnam Army payroll, said it wouldn't give out any more checks unless the Army played ball with our boy. Diem then used the Army to crush the sect that had controlled the Saigon police and elements of the far-flung *Sûreté*. The gargantuan task of rebuilding the entire Vietnam police apparatus, from traf-

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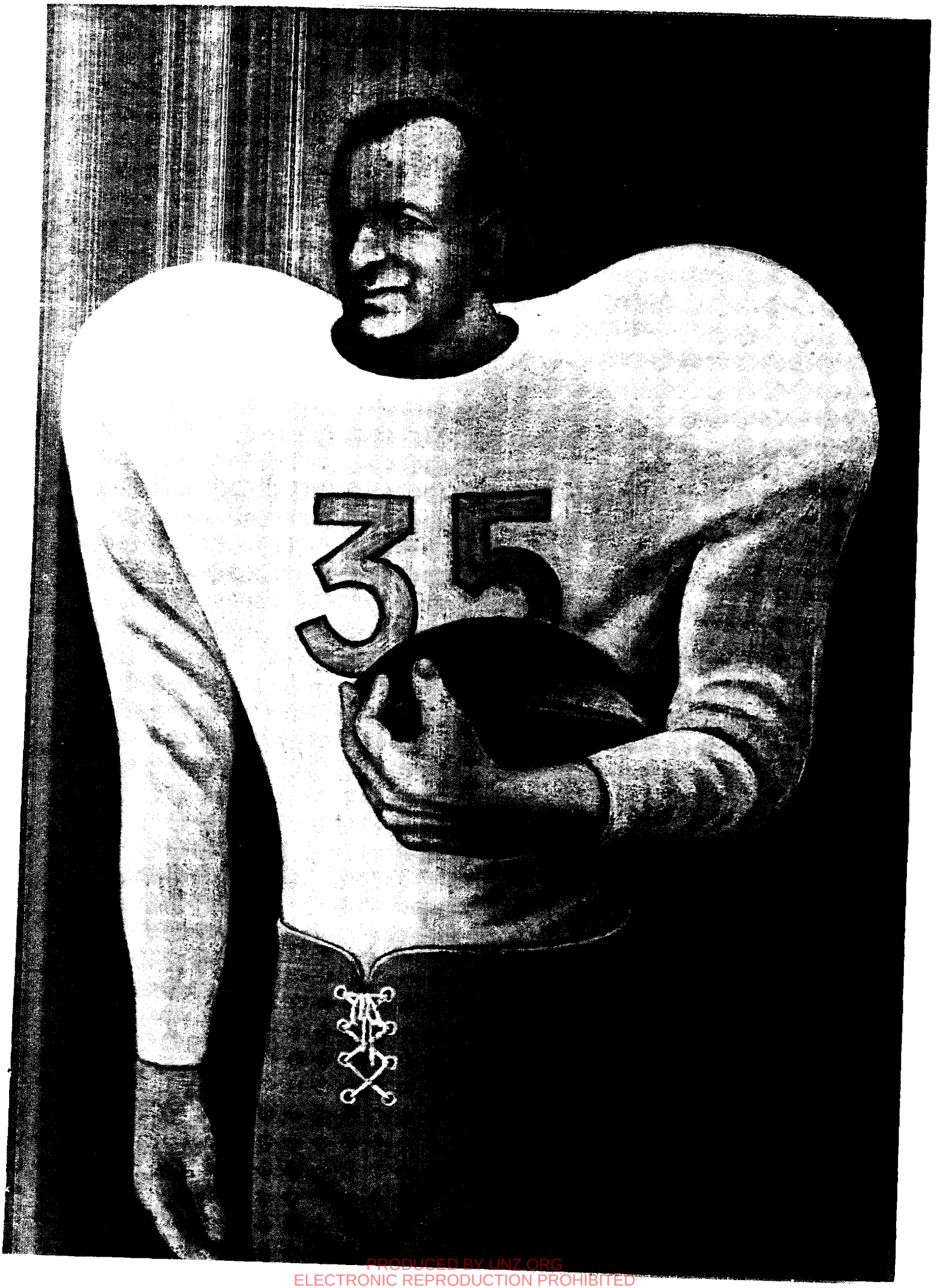

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fic cop to "interrogation expert," as a loyal agency of the Diem government then fell to Michigan State University.

Diem, lacking popular support, could only retain power through an effective police and security network. The American embassy urgently signaled the MSU contingent to concentrate on this problem, and, like good team players from a school with a proud football tradition, the professors went along.

The professors not only trained Diem's security forces but, in the early years of the Project, actually supplied them with guns and ammunition. In doing so, the East Lansing contingent helped to secure Diem's dictatorship and to provide the base and the arms for the "secret police" which were to make Madame Nhu and her brother infamous at a later date.

If not academic, the professors were at least professional. Many supplies—revolvers, riot guns, ammunition, tear gas, jeeps, handcuffs, radios — were requisitioned by the East Lansing School of Police Administration from stocks left over from America's aid to the French Expeditionary Corps. These supplies were then turned over to the Vietnamese who would strive to achieve Diem's own form of "consensus" government — a consensus gained largely by hauling the dissenters off to jail. Despite the largess left by the French, the professors found it necessary to order some $15 million in additional "equipment" from the United States Mission.

Listen to some of the official progress reports sent home to East Lansing by the professors:

November 8, 1955: "During the month of October we received notice of Washington's approval of the recommended expanded police program . . . Conferences were held at USOM on October 10 and the Embassy on October 23 and 24, trying to coordinate Internal Security Operations in Vietnam in which our government has an interest."

April 17, 1956: "The training of the commando squads of Saigon-Cholon police in riot control formations has continued during the month . . . A report on riots and unlawful assembly is nearing completion."

June 5, 1957: "Training of the Presidential Security Guard in revolver shooting began during the month. Thirty-four VBI agents completed the revolver course."

September 11, 1957: "Eight hundred pairs of Peerless handcuffs arrived in Saigon, but distribution is being delayed pending arrival of 400 additional cuffs."

February 17, 1958: "The training of 125 military and Civil Guard fingerprint technicians at the VBI proceeds satisfactorily. The Palace Guard is being put through another class in revolver training, with 58 men receiving instruction. Forty members of the VBI completed firearm training."

SECTION B - AMMUNITION

			Total	MAAG Indochina Surplus	To Be Procured From MDAP	Cost
1.	.38 Cal.		2,678,000	none	2,678,000	$160,000
2.	Carbine Ammo		450,000	available		
3.	S.M.G. Cal .45		1,632,000	none	1,632,000	
4.	Rifle .30 Cal., M1					
5.	B.A.R.		6,240,000	available		
6.	Launcher (Grenade)		32,000	available		
7.	Launcher (Rocket-236)		3,200	available		
8.	Mortar 60 mm	(Smoke	750	available		
		(H.E.	500	available		
		(Illum.	1,000	available		
9.	Rifle 57 mm (recoilless	(Smoke	750	available		
		(H.E.	1,000	available		
		(Heat	750	available		
10.	Riot Gun Ammo		200,000	none	none	20,000
11.	Tear Gas Projectiles		4,000	none	none	42,000
12.	Grenades Frag, Hand	(Practice	1,000		1,000	
		(Armed	3,500		3,500	
	Rifle, M-1 Smoke		1,400		1,400	
	Tear Gas		8,000		8,000	48,000*
	White Phosphorus		12,000		12,000	
13.	.50 Cal.**		72,000	available		
					Total	$270,000

*To be procured from civil sources at once for immediate use.
**For .50 Cal. M.G. mounted on Scout Car and Armored Cars.

An MSU Inventory, 1955

AS BEFITS A UNIVERSITY PROJECT, many of the professors indulged in their academic specialties. Ralph Turner, a professor of police administration, feels that one of the Project's most singular achievements was the program whereby every Vietnamese citizen would be given an identification card — with a special American touch. The cards were laminated so the poor, plasticless Viet Cong would have difficulty forging them.

Dean Brandstatter did not move lock, stock and pistol to Saigon, but he managed frequent "inspection trips"— as did some 11 of the University officials, including President Hannah, all of course at government expense. Brandstatter, a former military policeman, utilized his expertise to immediate effect during one of his first trips. Rumors of a coup against Diem were escalating, and the East Lansing official personally inspected the Palace Guard to see that they had enough guns to meet the threat.

Brandstatter, a large, jovial man in his early fifties, and devoted follower of MSU's football fortunes, played talent scout for the police operation. The services that the MSU team was called upon to perform for Diem's security

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apparatus were so esoteric that even its heralded School of Police Administration wasn't up to the job. Brandstatter had to recruit specially trained cops from all over the country. Fingerprint experts, small arms experts and intelligence experts came from the Detroit police force, the New York police force, the FBI and even the Department of Defense. Other professors, doing civil service work, felt a little left out and labeled the onslaught of police experts "mercenaries." This might seem a little unkind, but the term seems somewhat applicable since, at one point in the Project, only four of the 33 police advisors had roots at the Michigan campus; the others were nomads. The Project, of course, still bore the name — or the "cover" — of the MSUG since these "mercenaries" were all put on the MSU payroll and provided with faculty status. In the action filled world of the service station university, not only do the professors become activists, but the cops aspire to professorships.

[Decline and Fall]

Ngo Dinh Diem was a nice man to buy guns for, but in other areas of human endeavor, the professors discovered that he could be a tough man to do business with. Even Wolf Ladejinsky who broke bread regularly with Diem was subject to occasional indignities. When an issue of the *New Republic* appeared in Saigon containing an article mildly critical of the Diem regime, the President sent Ladejinsky packing off from the palace to buy up all the copies from the dozen English language kiosks in Saigon.

The game in Saigon was to cater to Diem's pettiness and paranoia, and for the most part the men from Michigan State played it. There appeared to be a conscious effort within the Project administration to prepare reports pleasing, or at least palatable, to the President. Milton Taylor, an MSU economics professor who went to Vietnam as a tax advisor, said that his reports were often rewritten by the Project head. When he questioned this practice he was told that there were "higher considerations" at stake; other universities were in hot pursuit of the juicy Vietnam contract.

It became necessary to forsake principles for the good of the Project. At times, in the Saigon of the late 1950s, that must have been difficult. Professor Adrian Jaffe of the MSU English Department, one of the most persistent critics of his university's "Vietnam Adventure," recalls some vivid street scenes. Each morning, men, and more often than not women and children, were hauled out of the jail directly across from his office at the Faculty of Letters of the University of Saigon, handcuffed, thrown into a van, and driven away to an island concentration camp known as a sort of Devil's Island à la Diem. Professors in the Project, because of their intimacy with the Vietnamese security apparatus, knew this was happening, Jaffe said, but his colleagues said and did nothing.

The moral question raised by Jaffe is dismissed by many veterans of the Project as "unprofessional." Perhaps more professional was the work of Wesley Fishel, who, as late as the fall of November 1959, wrote an article in the *New Leader* with the obfuscating title, "Vietnam's One-Man Democratic Rule." The text requires no recounting, except to observe that Fishel uses adjectives for Diem that only Jack Valenti might dare use for Johnson.

The failure of the MSU professors to bear witness against what are now known to be Diem's outrageous violations of civil liberties raises serious questions about them as men. But their failure as professionals in exercising the traditional role of the independent scholar as critic accounted in large part for the general ignorance of the United States public about the true nature of Diem's regime. Professors, presumed to be men of principle, were on the scene in Vietnam and had to be accepted as the best unprejudiced source of information. David Halberstam, after all, simply could have been mad at Madame Nhu.

The same disastrous vacuum of information occurred in this country only a decade before when the China experts, almost to a man, were purged as Reds and comsymps, and yahoos were all the public had left to hear.

In Vietnam, at least, there was a Buddhist monk with the fortitude to burn himself — and the public suddenly wondered how what they had been reading about Diem for six years could have been so wrong. But the professors, by this time, were long back in East Lansing. The MSU Vietnam Project ended rather abruptly in 1962. The University claims that it terminated the arrangement in the name of academic freedom — but the truth is, unfortunately, more complex.

Diem, painfully aware of the slightest criticism, was infuriated by the modicum of critical material published in the United States in the early '60s by veterans of the MSU "experience." Professor Jaffe and economist Milton Taylor wrote an essay for the *New Republic* in 1961 that set Diem's paranoia percolating. The author dared to suggest that the President rid himself of the Nhus. The contract between Diem and Michigan State stipulated that members of the Project could not use materials gathered on the job "against the security or the interests of Vietnam." In other words, they were to keep quiet. Taylor recalls that many of his colleagues in Vietnam felt he was being "disloyal" in publicly criticizing Diem.

The President was also miffed that in 1959 MSU had drastically curtailed its police work after being urged both by Diem and the United States Mission to plunge more

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deeply into para-military work than it already had. MSU's reluctance was understandable, since a greater degree of involvement would just about require its professors to shoot off howitzers and drill troops in the jungle.

Nevertheless, the University genuinely believed that its contract would be renewed in 1962. President Hannah even sent a special envoy, Alfred Seelye, dean of the Business College, to Saigon to smooth things out by telling Diem that the University was prepared to weed out any future troublemakers in the Project by selecting personnel more likely to "write scholarly scientific studies and not sensational journalistic articles." Diem, however, surprised everybody. He was adamant: no more MSU.

With no deal in sight, the business dean proceeded to make a strong declaration in defense of the academic freedom of MSU professors and beat Diem in announcing that the contract would not be renewed.

[The Ruins]

Like a factory that has contracted for a job and then completed it, there is little evidence on the MSU campus that it was ever involved in Vietnam. Thousands of pages of mimeographed reports and documents sent from Saigon have been piled haphazardly in out-of-the-way files in the University library, uncatalogued and unused. MSU has not a single course, not even a study program, to show for its six years in Vietnam.

Professor Wesley Fishel still flies in and out of East Lansing, but now he goes to Washington and advises the administration on Vietnam, a role which allows him to visit Saigon occasionally — where he has the look of a man who would like another try. But there is nothing for him to do. Fishel has been careful to exclude the infamous *New Leader* article from the otherwise thorough 64-page bibliography on Vietnam and Southeast Asia which he distributes to his students.

MSU is still big on police. There are, literally, policemen all over the campus, almost beyond the wildest expansion of the human retina. There is the campus police — a complement of roughly 35 men in blue uniforms. Then there are the professors and visiting firemen at the School of Police Administration. Finally, it is hard to find a parking spot on campus since so many police cars are occupying the stalls; state police headquarters adjoins MSU.

With all this protection the University officials should feel safe. But they do not. President Hannah has lately been publicly worried about the possibilities of what he terms a "Berkeley-style" revolt. The vice-president of student affairs bluntly stated that MSU had been "selected" as the "next Berkeley." Hannah, fearful of "outside agitators," has suggested that there is an "apparatus" at work on campus that is a "tool for international communism." The University police have a special detail charged with keeping tabs on student political activities, especially anything "radical." Several years ago a member of this "Red squad" endeared himself to the student daily by trapping homosexuals in a state-built bathroom.

These conditions would be sufficient enough for the light-hearted to suggest that MSU is a Lilliputian police state, but that is silly. Professor Alfred Meyer of the Polititcal Science department, during his course on the Soviet political system, always gets a good laugh by telling the students to take a good look around campus if they want to know what the Soviet system is like.

Hannah's concern over Berkeley is more than apocryphal. If the Berkeley experience meant any one thing, it meant that the University wasn't doing its job. It had lost its sense of purpose; it no longer had meaning to the students. In that sense East Lansing is, assuredly, another Berkeley. The university on the make has little time for nonconforming students and rarely enough for conforming students. Its service function is the first priority. The students are, in Clark Kerr's idiom, only the "raw material" that has to be processed. That was the making of the Berkeley revolt, and the ingredients are available in excess portions at Michigan State.

Acting dean of international programs, Ralph T. Smuckler, is perhaps the one person at MSU who got something lasting out of the "Vietnam Adventure." He derived an ideology, and it is an ideology that goes Clark Kerr one better. Smuckler sees the future of the social sciences in the world-wide scope of the "action" projects he is now directing — in Formosa as he did in Vietnam. "Classroom teaching is a tame business," said Smuckler, "and anybody who doesn't see how his discipline fits into the overseas operations of the University is already obsolete."

To question the assumption that the academician of tomorrow must be an operator is to ask but part of the essential question about MSU's "Vietnam Adventure." And to ask whether the University officials are liars, or whether the MSU Project broke the spirit of the Geneva Accords, is also neglecting the primary question.

The essential query, which *must* be asked before the discussion of Michigan State's behavior can be put into any rational perspective, is this: what the hell is a university doing buying guns, anyway?

By Warren Hinckle in conjunction with Research Editor Sol Stern and Foreign Editor Robert Scheer. Material appearing in this special report originated in Mr. Scheer's pamphlet "How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam" and will also appear in The Vietnam Lobby *by Mr. Scheer and Mr. Hinckle to be published this spring by New American Library.*

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"Every Catholic who is not a revolutionary, and is not on the side of the revolutionaries, lives *in mortal sin.*" —FATHER CAMILO TORRES

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I. Camilo: The Guerrilla Priest

"DONDE ESTÁ CAMILO?" everyone in Bogotá began asking each other early last December. Camilo Torres, the revolutionary priest, organizer and leader of the United Front of the People (Frente Unido del Pueblo), who in six months had become the center of attention for the Colombian masses, had suddenly disappeared.

A month later leaflets appeared throughout Bogotá, with the heading: "*Liberación o Muerte*" (Liberation or Death). Below the caption was a photograph of Camilo in full guerrilla uniform, holding a rifle. There followed a manifesto from Father Camilo Torres addressed to the Colombian masses, calling on them to take up arms against the oligarchy and seize the reins of political power.

Camilo Torres was the son of an aristocratic Colombian family. Until he entered the seminary at age 18, he lived on his family's estates, riding horseback alongside the proud *llaneros*, cowboys of the eastern Colombian plains. After entering the priesthood and completing his graduate studies, he took a position as professor of sociology at the University of Bogotá, and there he engaged in research on the condition of the Colombian peasantry. The University student movement stirred him from passive scholarship to active participation. Besides carrying out his professional duties he became a student leader. His contact with the peasants came only after he had lived through and fully participated in student struggles.

Camilo, who had tried to explain to the ruling classes the need to end the system of exploitation of the miserable and oppressed peasantry — if they wanted to avoid an impending and most violent social explosion — finally came to believe that only a revolution that would change the whole economic and social structure of the country could improve the peasants' lot, and that such a transformation would be resisted by the ruling classes with every means at their disposal. The sociologist had given way to the revolutionary, and the student leader prepared himself to become a guerrilla fighter and leader of the peasantry.

THE PRIEST AND HIS PROGRAM

LAST MAY, CAMILO TORRES called on all the Colombian left-wing organizations to join together in a United Popular Front for which he proposed a revolutionary program: agrarian reform, including the expropriation of the *latifunda* (large land holdings) without payment; urban reform which would effect the transfer of title to city dwellings to the tenants; a centrally-planned economy, to which public and private investments would be subject; a markedly progressive tax reform embracing monthly incomes of $250 and up; nationalization of banks, insurance companies, hospitals and clinics, production and distribution of medicines, public transportation, radio, TV and natural resources; free and compulsory education for all up to age 18; and diplomatic relations with all the countries of the world.

Before long Camilo was a powerful figure on the national political scene. His conflict with the Church intensified as he took these demands outside the University and began agitating in the town squares and cities of Colombia. Last April, the Colombian hierarchy decided that he should leave the country for a few months, to spend a season studying in Belgium. Camilo went through a painful ordeal at the time: should he leave and in so doing maintain his position in the Church, or should he remain and face an immediate break with the Church? If he chose to leave, this might be interpreted as desertion by his student and peasant followers. If he stayed, it could only bring about the break with the Church to which he still felt strongly attached. He resolved his conflict in favor of the people. Camilo refused to obey the orders given by the hierarchy and requested a release from his clerical duties. After his *de facto* break with the Church, he concentrated all his energies in campaigning for the United Popular Front: mass demonstrations, police confrontations, editing the newspaper *Frente Unido*.

The impact of his agitation was overwhelming. That a Catholic priest could be moved to take up a rifle and summon the people to rise against their oppressors was an explosive ingredient in a country where the peasantry has a long revolutionary tradition, but where the Church has used her authority to keep the peasants resigned to their poor lot. The fact that Camilo was using this authority to achieve revolutionary aims was a powerful blow to the already precarious social and political stability of Colombia.

The regime, frightened by Camilo's growing influence, tried repeatedly to buy him off. "They offered us seats in the Senate," said *Frente Unido*. "They proposed to use their influence in the Church to reward us with important positions in the hierarchy. They made veiled threats and others not so veiled. And finally they offered to finance Camilo's 'election campaign' if he would only agree to become the 'leader of the opposition'. . . . Conspiring openly against Camilo's life, his sudden disappearance caught them by surprise. Accustomed to carrying out murders without running any risks, they were naively surprised not to be able to do it whenever they chose . . . But Camilo is and will be on the spot wherever the struggles of our people need him most."

By January, the veil of mystery was lifted: Camilo had joined the guerrillas. "The people will arm themselves," he said. "I will lead them in the liberation from imperialism

by Adolfo Gilly

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and Yankee oppression. I would hate to die before making the revolution."

The Death of Camilo

San Vicente de Chucuri, in the Santander Department of eastern Colombia, home of 30,000 impoverished people, has been ravaged by almost 20 years of war. Houses were burned, crops stolen, entire families slaughtered by rival bands. And it was there, on February 15, months after he had mysteriously disappeared, that Camilo Torres was killed, in a gun battle between his guerrilla band and an Army patrol. According to the government version, the patrol was ambushed by about 25 guerrillas while returning to base from a reconnaissance mission. Four government soldiers and five guerrilla fighters were killed. An Army spokesman said Camilo's body was identified and buried near the scene of the ambush.

People in San Vicente say an Army informer disclosed the whereabouts of Camilo and his band. Two patrols went out to intercept them, with orders to capture the priest alive. During a firefight between the guerrillas and the Army advance patrol, an Army lieutenant was wounded, and a man identified as Torres tried to retrieve the lieutenant's machine gun. The rear patrol rushed to the scene firing, and killed the priest.

A local newspaper photographer who had taken pictures of Torres' corpse was held incommunicado by the Army for several days. The Defense Ministry asked his newspaper not to publish the pictures. Another photographer, who managed to smuggle his pictures to the newspaper *El Espectador*, was being held by the Army pending investigation.

The nation mourns his passing, in the traditional way, but also in action. After a memorial service for Torres, a phalanx of heavily-armed soldiers massed in front of the church to disperse students who were singing the praises of the dead priest. Students roamed through the streets of Bogotá, stoning and overturning vehicles, demanding to see Camilo's body. A Catholic priest went on television to blast the Church for having "driven" Torres into the revolutionary camp. And in miserable hamlets throughout Colombia, people gathered in grim rejoicing: "Camilo lives! Camilo lives!"

The Opposition to the System

Ever since the murder of Jorge Eliecer Gaitán — the last truly popular national leader in the country — on April 9, 1948, an uninterrupted armed struggle has taken place in the Colombian countryside. Gaitán's assassination in the streets of Bogotá ignited the wrath of the people. Lacking a program and precise objectives, the people took to the streets, led only by their intense hatred of the murderers, and unleashed a three-day burning and looting spree of the whole city, the "*Bogotaso*." The ruling oligarchy responded with extreme violence. The peasants began a series of spontaneous and scattered guerrilla actions in innumerable areas of the country. Since then, the armed struggle between the peasants and the Army — and among peasant bands — has caused an estimated 300,000 deaths in Colombia. It was a real civil war which spread everywhere and which Colombians call "*la violencia.*"

In some regions, "*la violencia*" took on the form of spontaneous killings. In other places, however, the peasant guerrillas formed varieties of "independent republics," in areas practically inaccessible to the Army and led by the peasants themselves.

But these guerrillas lacked a common popular base, a national program, ties with the students and the city workers. Suddenly, the growth of Camilo Torres as a national revolutionary leader began to remedy this weakness. The Colombian oligarchy had long ago sensed the explosive potential in Camilo's leadership and had broken up many of his rallies and street demonstrations.

The inherent weakness of the oligarchy in containing the permanent peasant insurgency led it to establish, in 1957, the most cynical form of dictatorship masquerading as "democracy." At that time, the two leading parties of the ruling classes, the Conservatives and the Liberals, signed an agreement to end their mutual fighting and share political power. According to this pact, called the National Front, both parties present a single candidate for every presidential period, taking turns in the exercise of power: first a Conservative rules, then a Liberal and so on alternatively. Through legal artifices, all other parties are automatically excluded from the right to present their own candidates. In this manner, according to Colombian "democracy," the people have the right to elect one single candidate from a single list of candidates made up by both parties every four years.

In spite of this system of forced consensus, it is difficult to hold back popular discontent, expressed not only by the struggles of peasant guerrillas, students and workers, but even at the polls. In the last parliamentary elections of 1964, 75 per cent of the electorate rejected the single ballot by abstention from voting. Such a sizeable opposition to the *sistema* — as Colombians like to call it — lacked only a common base to transform it into a powerful political force. A national revolutionary leader like Camilo — linking peasant guerrillas with students and city workers and agitating for a common program — was the catalyst the movement needed. Nothing, not even Camilo's death, can change that now.

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II. Camilo: The Man and His Writings

I TALKED TO CAMILO in Bogotá last May. Camilo Torres looked even younger than his 37 years. He had the rugged physique of an athlete, and despite his many political battles there was still the air of innocence about him. He was no common "popular priest": he combined his political and intellectual foundations with a keen interest in listening to people and in understanding what they were all about. He seemed genuinely interested in learning about the Guatemalan guerrillas. There is a close similarity in the way he analyzed the problems and feelings of the masses with that of Frantz Fanon, even though he had not read the books of the theoretician of the guerrilla stage of the Algerian Revolution. The following excerpt is taken from a study on *la violencia* written by the Colombian priest while he was still a sociologist:

"The guerrillas have imposed the discipline demanded by the peasants themselves; they have rendered authority more democratic; and they have given trust and security to our rural communities. We mentioned this when discussing the feeling of inferiority which has disappeared from the peasant areas where the phenomenon of violence has been manifested. In spite of everything, violence has released a social process unforeseen by the ruling classes. It has awakened the peasant's consciousness; it has given him group solidarity, a feeling of superiority and sureness in action; it has opened up possibilities for social improvement and it has institutionalized his aggressiveness, with the result that Colombian peasants begin to prefer the interests of the peasantry to those of the traditional parties. This will have, as an effect, the constitution of a socio-economic and political pressure group capable of producing structural changes in the way least foreseen and desired by the ruling class. We can say that *la violencia* has constituted for Colombia the most important socio-cultural change in the peasant areas since the Spanish conquest."

I asked Camilo if he thought that Christians should take a definite stance regarding revolution. He answered, "Why, of course! A Christian, if he really desires to be one and not just mouth it, must become actively involved in social change. A passive faith is not sufficient to reach God. Charity is the one essential ingredient. A concrete meaning of charity is to live experiencing this sentiment of human solidarity. This is felt today in the revolutionary movements of the people everywhere, in the necessity to unite all the small and oppressed countries to end exploitation. Christians must side with the oppressed and not with the oppressors."

Then he added:

"Do you know what I tell my followers? Every Catholic who is not a revolutionary, and is not on the side of revolutionaries, lives in mortal sin."

I asked him what relationship existed between his Catholic views and the revolutionary process leading to socialism. He answered:

"There is no question that we are heading towards a society built on socialist structures. But as far as I am concerned, this development doesn't necessarily coincide with the philosophical bases of either socialism or Marxism. Yet, beyond a shadow of a doubt, there are only two forces in the world today that are in the position to lead the revolutionary changes, for they are the only ones that have a world view: Christianity and Marxism. When a revolution has a Marxist bent it only shows our inability to give the right directions. In such cases our mission is not to take a blind opposition against it. Just the very opposite: we must cooperate and participate in the revolutionary process while upholding our basic Christian values. And we must work together, all of us who are struggling along the revolutionary path."

A CALL TO THE PEASANTS

THROUGHOUT HIS CAMPAIGN of political agitation during the last six months, the evolution of Camilo Torres towards the Left showed a growing and vehement anti-Americanism, stressing the need for the organization of peasants who would carry out a violent revolution. On October 7 he issued a "Message to the Peasants" which read in its opening paragraphs:

"We know very well that the similarity between the landings of Marines in Santo Domingo and the invasions of the Colombian Army led by an American military mission in the 'independent republics' is no mere coincidence.

"These invasions will continue. Yesterday, in Rio Chiquito, tomorrow, Sumapaz, the following day in Ariari and the Llanos. The Army begins by using its civic-military action programs and ends by bombing and air raids: begins by pulling teeth and ends by feeding lead. The peasants already know that the soldiers offer bread with one hand only to stab with the other. The 'dependent republic' of Colombia will continue to obey the orders of the North Americans to kill and burn the independent Colombian republics. This has been decreed by the U.S. House of Representatives. Our peasants have learned what to expect. The oligarchy has by martial law cleared the people from the public squares. It has chased the people, with machine guns, down blind alleys, as in Medellin. When it makes life unbearable in the cities, we will take to the countryside. The peasantry must be well prepared: by organizing itself in Frente Unido commandos made up of

Illustrations by Ken Harshfield

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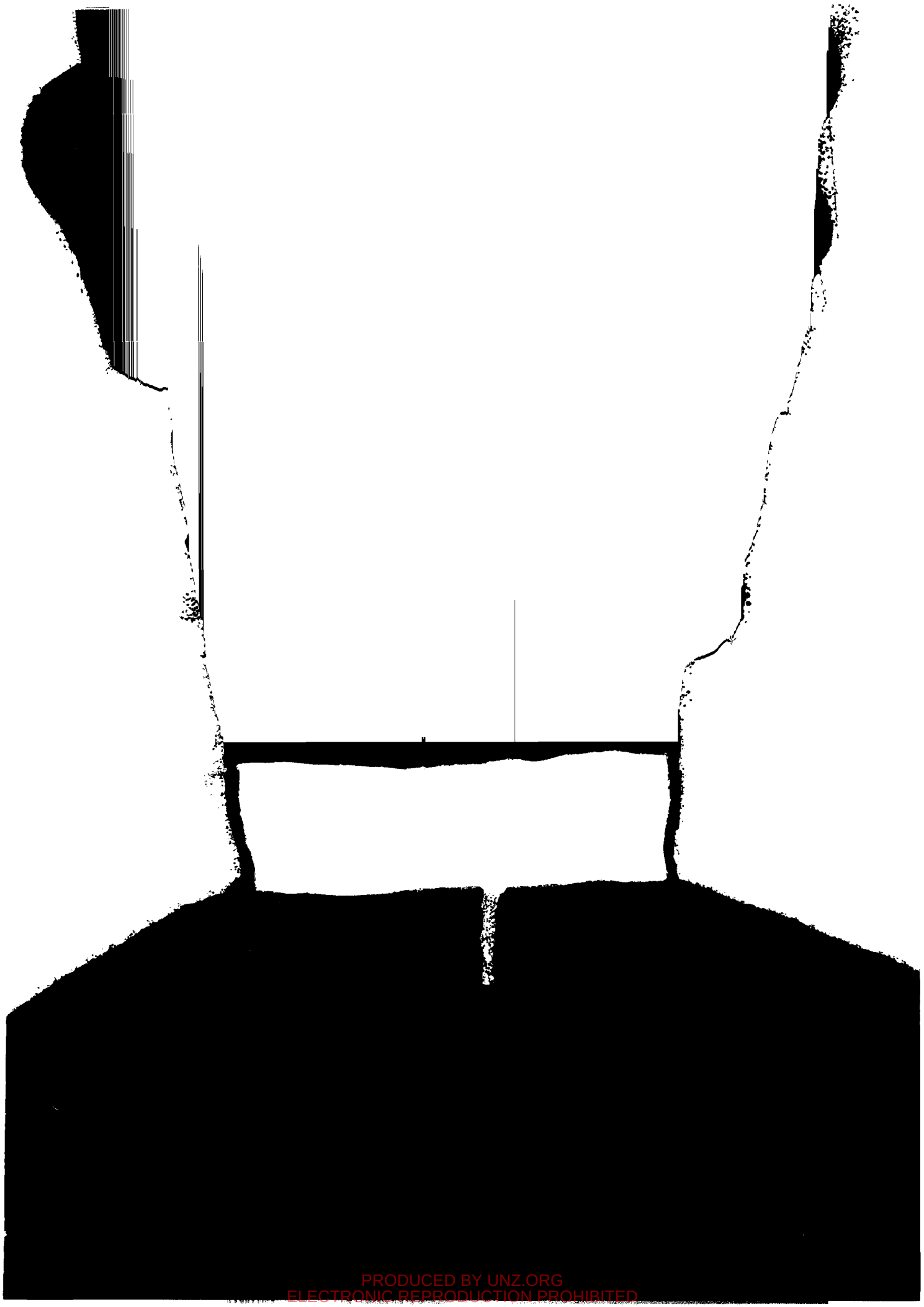

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groups of five and ten, by purging the zones of traitors against the cause of the people, by setting up food and clothing supply centers, by remaining in a state of constant preparedness and by not allowing themselves to be provoked or to present resistance under conditions unfavorable to the people."

The United States and Colombia's Backwardness

A month before, Camilo had made a similar call to the armed forces in a "Message to the Military," asking them for the withdrawal of their support for the "24 families" that own Colombia, and to lend their support to the revolutionary struggle of the people. On October 28, he issued a "Message to the Unemployed":

"This oligarchy neither wants nor is able to open new sources of labor . . . It prefers to stack its money away in Canada and in Switzerland rather than to reinvest it in its own country . . . But even if its members so desired, the oligarchy is unable to industrialize Colombia. Their North American partners won't allow it. Everyone knows that many corporations only appear as Colombian, but are in the hands of the North Americans: Avianca, Peldar, Icollantas, Croydon and others. Everyone knows that our economy depends on the coffee we sell to the United States and on the 'aid' we receive from the same. Everyone knows that ours is a beggar-state waiting for the crumbs the North Americans wish to give us and that they do not have the slightest interest in industrializing our country. The 'aid' we receive is to build a school here and there, some pilot housing unit, perhaps a few latrines, but it never gets into the business of helping us create new jobs by building heavy industry and factories. The United States only seems to be interested in having countries supply inexpensive raw materials — mineral and agricultural — and which will in turn buy at very high prices all the cars and machinery and all the manufactured and consumer goods we need. The United States controls our economy and our oligarchy is very happy to serve its master here as its agent and lackey . . . This oligarchy seems to grow increasingly more corrupt, more selfish, and more anti-national: as a result it is forcing more and more contingents of people into the revolutionary struggle. When a man or a woman stands nothing to lose — not even a job paying starvation wages, when in taking part in the struggle he or she has everything to gain and only chains to lose, and when this is the spirit of the people, then it means that the hour of our liberation is closer with every passing moment."

Camilo Torres had no illusions that elections would bring the liberation of his people. In his statement, "Why I Don't Participate in the Elections," Torres wrote:

"As it is impossible to defeat those who control the political machine and all the positions of power, the opposition groups in Parliament will never be able to carry out revolutionary programs. On the contrary, their mere presence in Parliament will help the oligarchy to claim that we have democracy in Colombia because we have an opposition. It doesn't seem to me good revolutionary education to tell the people to distrust the oligarchy on the one hand, and on the other to ask them to give up man's most treasured asset, his political view.

"Even if the oligarchy made a wrong count of votes and the opposition obtained a majority, the oligarchy could annul the elections and stage a *coup d'état*. An oligarchy which hasn't hesitated to kill revolutionary leaders, to throw the country into open violence, and later to support military leaders, is not going to turn about face and give up the reins of power just because the opposition has won a majority of votes. Personally, I stand for abstention from elections, but not just a sort of passive stance, but rather an active, militant and revolutionary abstention."

Nationalism and Revolution

Camilo Torres described himself as a nationalist, a revolutionary, and a Christian. His strategy — taking power by armed struggle of the people — was for him the first step towards a socialist revolution. Camilo's personal evolution, his transition from revolutionary nationalism to socialism, is not a unique case. It is part of the general trend one encounters all over Latin America in every revolutionary nationalist movement.

The revolutionary nationalist movements, throughout Latin America, are undergoing a radical transformation in their programs, in their tactics, and in their goals. Just as a military man is heading the Guatemalan guerrillas, the Colombian guerrillas had a priest with a revolutionary program as one of their leaders. The fact that such institutions as the Army and the Church are showing cracks here and there indicates the rise in popular discontent and restlessness. This only means that the masses are in a position to set their own conditions, write their own programs and choose their own leaders over a whole continent in revolution.

Adolfo Gilly is a young Argentine journalist and correspondent for La Marcha *of Montevideo, Uruguay. His articles on Latin American guerrilla movements have attracted wide attention. Recently he spent two weeks in the mountains with the guerrillas of Guatemala.*

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Totalitarian Capital with Acanthus

ONE OF THE MOST beautiful sights in the world to a city boy — even a boy from a city thousands of miles away — is lower Manhattan at dusk or early evening, viewed from the breezy front deck of an incoming Staten Island Ferry. Or the famed midtown skyline, seen backlighted through morning mist from New Jersey. It whispers of spun candy and delicious faerie secrets, and beckons the young and the dreaming with widened arms.

Beware. Dusk and morning mist are as the honeyed words of the ruthless — gilded and sticky indeed, and with more than a little sting. A long day's walk among the Manhattan towers, with the eyes even a story above ground level, is a semester's course in the political theory

by Gene Marine

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of onrushing totalitarianism. Watch the streets — the diversity of people, the raucous multicolored taxicabs, the dizzying interweave of activity — and there are superficial variety, individualism, pluralistic pursuits: the stuff of vigorous democracy.

But look up, at the hard-eyed, standardized, uncompromising, demanding structures, and see the cynical sneer of the dictator.

Like others among the pretentiously half-educated, the writer has tended to accept, unexamined, the dictum of Henry Adams and the A.I.A. that architecture is a reflection of society. Piety and love of the Virgin begat the Gothic arch, and materialism the supermarket. Midcentury's drift toward a totalitarian America is thus easily seen in its buildings: the monolithic, graceless, superefficient Federal Building in San Francisco's Civic Center, the massive and parvenu United States Building at the New York World's Fair, the countless upthrust featureless steel-and-glass boxes which are the large-economy-sized ticky-tacky of every major city.

Stand as I did at East 39th Street and Park Avenue in Manhattan, looking north, and you must agree as I did with a friend who said of the Pan Am Building: "Look at it. It's not a building. It's a computer."

It is precisely that — a computer which eats cars. With Park Avenue beneath it in continual supine submission, it is not merely oversized or ugly. It is frightening, dominant, cruel, commanding — so completely totalitarian as to have achieved impassive remoteness.

Surely this *is* totalitarianism reflected in architecture: the total devotion to efficiency, the complete disregard for human scale or meaning, the brushing aside of esthetics as irrelevant to function, the shrugging off of relationship to environment, the substitution of involution for ecological sense — surely this is the supersized demonstration that Adams was right, that our Virgin is the dynamo?

Or do we perhaps have it backwards?

A short walk from the glowering bulk of the United States Building at the New York Fair Grounds, it was possible to view a small and delightful structure, designed with not only consideration but love for the people it represented and the people who would visit it: the Spanish Pavilion. Obviously a humanistic tradition lay behind the South Korean exhibit; plainly a gentle and courteous people were represented by the Indonesian Building.

A GIGANTIC PAPER FIRM this year ruthlessly closed a New Jersey factory and put workers with a quarter century's experience on the streets with a few weeks' pittance; the same firm achieved a dubious notoriety in being revealed as a longtime exploiter, even oppressor, of Negroes in Bogalusa, Louisiana. Yet its headquarters in San Francisco, with its inviting plaza, is to the student of the humanistic in office-building architecture as the Shwedagon Pagoda to the Burmese Buddhist — a building justly renowned for its attention to human scale, esthetics, environment and ecology.

An insurance company's home office makes downtown Hartford exciting; a wax company makes an architectural epicenter of Racine, Wisconsin. Where is the totalitarian reflection?

We are misled, I think — those of us over 35, at any rate. We see totalitarianism as a thing of governments, associating it with Hitlerian ruthlessness and efficiency. As it grows in America, we look to Washington for its cause, and to the bleak functionalism of federal architecture for its reflection. As the Eisenhower Administration brought talk of "partnership," the Kennedy Administration of news management and the Johnson Administration of a kind of browbeaten consensus, we have gazed about in fright at our steel boxes and cried, "See what we become."

But — as with Germany, as with Spain, as with China or Ghana or Paraguay — America's totalitarianism is its own, takes its own forms, casts its own reflections. Far more important (look back at Germany if you must), totalitarianism is a thing not of government but of culture. In America, it cannot emanate from Washington; it can, must and does emanate from New York.

Here in New York, the culture of America is completely controlled. No Washington government can impose totalitarianism past New York's willingness to tolerate it (remember Murrow and McCarthy?). No Washington government can long resist the totalitarianism that New York chooses, consciously or by default, to thrust upon it.

The architecture of the rest of the nation is incidental — reflective, perhaps, but essentially irrelevant. The architecture of New York, on the other hand, is crucial to the onset of totalitarianism in America — not because it reflects it, but because it is among its major causes.

The Pan Am buildings and the carbon-copy aluminum-and-glass phalli on Park Avenue play their part, of course. Though there is often oppressive heat or bitter cold, there is rarely sunlight in the canyons of midtown Manhattan, and, indeed, there is scarcely a view of the sky. The junior editor walking to his office — towered over, hemmed in, reduced to ant-sized dimensions by the dimensions around him — is hardly likely to arrive at his desk every day with a concern for the importance of the individual uppermost in his approach to his work.

But there is no need to refer to the elephantiasis of midtown to find the shapes of incipient totalitarianism lurking in the shapes of New York's structures. Nor is there need to stare back at the cold-eyed and dirty urchin buildings that jam the streets of Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant —

Photography by Hermann Bachmann

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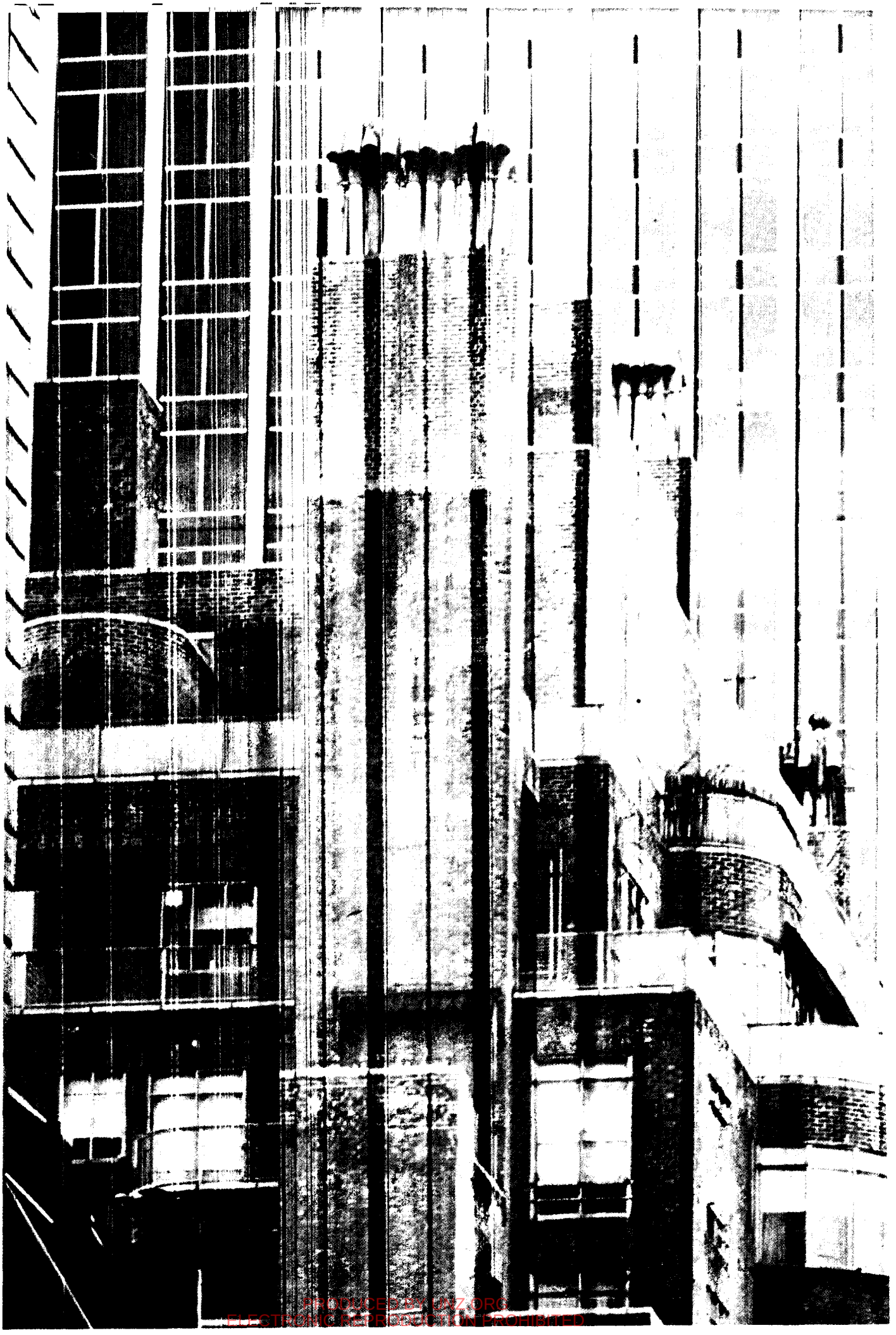

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after all, our cultural leaders neither live nor visit there. The apartment houses on Riverside Drive or in the East Eighties will do.

On the crosstown streets, four cars abreast — two of them parked, two moving — will barely fit, will not fit at all if they are all late, large models. Yet no building sets back an inch; almost none is lower than five stories and most are seven or more; every one is flat across the front and tightly joined to its neighbor. And every one is a dirty brown, a deep, filthy brick-red, or a grimy gray-black.

Day in and day out, New York's reporters and writers and editors, her broadcasting executives, her molders of opinion — virtually all of them reared in the easy sight of sky and stars in Kansas or Montana or Oklahoma — spend their outside hours in an environment whose only concession to individuality is a choice of bars, their inside hours in efficiently packaged and almost interchangeable apartments and offices. How can they shape a culture to care for diversity or freedom?

The native New Yorker resents such an implication, and to some extent rightly, for he is to some extent immune. A native in his fifties recalls stables and draft horses in the East Twenties; today the East Twenties are distinguishable from the West Eighties only by such memories in native minds, and by the survival — surely temporary — of Gramercy Park. Like the Siberian snow leopard in the San Francisco Zoo, the native New Yorker has become acclimatized by stages; but few of his number are high in the circles of TV networks or national newsmagazines.

It is incidentally notable that the cultural champions of the individual — however weak their voices and disparate their approaches to the anti-totalitarian struggle — tend to concentrate in the Greenwich Village area: *The Nation*, Grove Press, *Monocle*, *Monthly Review*, *The Village Voice*. Greenwich Village retains over much of its area a building height limit, and the odd directions of its ancient streets result in a number of tiny squares and plazas too small to support still another Manhattan structure. It is not the congregation of homosexuals or fascinating little shops or interracial couples that brings the freedom-seeking non-conformist to gravitate to the Village; it is the survival of human scale — the daily sight of the sky, the nightly view of the moon.

The shapers of our culture, the proprietors of our information, the interpreters for us of the worlds in which we live, are intelligent men (and they are almost all men, which may be part of the trouble). They can see and abhor drabness as well as you and I, and they do. They are at least vaguely aware that they are towered over during virtually every moment of their lives; they cannot escape the knowledge that they are forever hemmed in.

This as much as anything else, one suspects, creates the Martini-and-ulcer syndrome so widely associated with "Madison Avenue," and may even create a defensive mechanism, the slashing back of a frightened jackal against a gigantic opponent, which is in itself a factor in the construction of totalitarianism.

But they will not have it straight, perhaps because of the morality of that childhood in Kansas, the freedom-dream memory of those civics books in the Oklahoma high school. American totalitarianism cannot be the fatalistic *sol y sombre* of the Spanish, the god-leadership of the prewar Japanese, the faceless goosestepping of Nazi Germany. American totalitarianism must be upholstered in decorator colors: the American cultural cacique's rebellion against the grimy facade of the apartment house across the street from his.

Visit the office of a vice-president of a television network, high above Rockefeller Center. The hall outside his office is svelte, slick, smooth, unexceptionally beautiful in its exact choice of the right muted colors and the precise placement of an abstract expressionist painting of just the right size. So predictably that you almost no longer notice it, the secretary who greets you is svelte, slick, smooth, unexceptionably beautiful in her exact choice of the right muted colors and the precise placement of an abstract metal brooch of just the right size.

Can it be a surprise that the vice-president's taste in offices and women also displays itself in his taste for societies?

The rest really doesn't matter. The White House can be occupied by a Hubert Humphrey or a Gerald Ford — or even a Wayne Morse. The Supreme Court can follow Hugo Black or Byron White. Kenneth Tynan can preach sexual revolution, and Helen Gurley Brown can make a million dollars from people who lack the courage to fight one. New York will continue implacably to press the young idealists from Montana and Kansas into the glowering, unyielding mold of its buildings, and across the country we will hang this year's approved abstract expressionist and continue to be left carefully free to tell each other that it's a free country.

What to do? One falls back helplessly on the lyric suggestion of the late Lorenz Hart — but the chances are the Indians wouldn't want it back.

By and large, they were free men.

Gene Marine has a Sigma Delta Chi award for his coverage of the Caryl Chessman case and has written extensively for such magazines as The Nation. He was former news director for Pacifica Radio.

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Understanding Marshall McLuhan

DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS Marshall McLuhan of the University of Toronto has become that phenomenon of our times, the In intellectual celebrity. That is to say that suddenly Everybody — the press, the vanguard of business, the new youth — discovered him in the curious way that these things happen: at a certain moment all elements grab hands, and there you are.

This after years of relative anonymity. He has taught; he has published to wide and, for the most part, complimentary reviews; he has been recognized, if grudgingly, by his ivy-walled colleagues. (At a high-level academic conference on mass communications in Washington references to McLuhan's theories were accorded that profound nonresponse usually reserved for unfortunate noises in chapel. This was only a year ago; things have changed.)

What has happened? Obviously the clamor has followed on the publication of his newest and most readable book, *Understanding Media: The Extensions Of Man*. But at best this is a partial answer, for the book came out in 1964, and until recently, it had been largely unavailable despite the undoubted capacity of its publisher, McGraw-Hill, to swamp the market if it so chose. Perhaps one reason it didn't so choose was that the demand pattern must have been puzzlingly random/intense in the early days — say to the end of last year — as isolated huddles of McLuhanites back-ordered their holy writ in quantity.

This suggests that at least some of McLuhan's currency at the moment must be either in second-hand catch phrases or simply in that he is a "celebrity": one who is well-known because he is well-known. The former is understandable; how many ever read Great Books? The latter is deplorable, not only because such fame passes as quickly as it came, but because it tends, through overexposure, to amberize a man; to encase him, like a fly in amber, so that he is seen but not heard. This is very easily done, and very hard on men who still have much to say. Let us start with what McLuhan has said already:

Understanding Understanding Media

MARSHALL MCLUHAN'S *Understanding Media* has possibly the least catchy title for an important book since *Principia Mathematica;* however, it is somewhat easier to read once you have got the hang of it.

The hard part is getting into it. One school of thought says that you should start at page 77, or wherever, and then sit through it again the way you do when you come in on the middle of a movie. Another holds that you should skim through it once, saving your thunderstruck (or indignant) marginal notations for the second time around. The trouble with this is that skimming McLuhan is like trying to fill a tea cup from a firehose; there is likely to be no second time.

It is quite possible, I think, to start cheerfully at the beginning, provided one has some notion going in of what McLuhan is up to. To begin with, what Professor McLuhan means by a "medium" is any extension of man — whether it be a book, an automobile, an electric light bulb, television, or clothes. His theory is that the media a man uses to extend his senses and his faculties will determine what he is, rather than the other way around. To give a simple example: a car is certainly an extension of a man's legs. Moreover, when he drives a car he has in a sense amputated his legs. He is an amputee just as surely as though he had lost his legs first and then looked for a way to get around.

Similarly, by wearing clothes a man eliminates a good many of the functions that his body would have to perform were he naked. Let us consider this proposition in its most extreme form: a native living at the Equator and an Eskimo. The tropical native, because he is naked, has no means of retaining body heat; therefore he must eat constantly or die. He can starve to death in a day or two. The

by Howard Gossage

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Eskimo, heavily furred, keeps his body heat and can go without food for weeks if necessary. This is not, of course, to suggest that the Indians of the Upper Amazon would be better off with long johns and fur coats, or that Eskimos would be better supermarket customers if they ran around in the buff, but that the media a society uses or is forced to use will determine what it is and how it behaves.

Incidentally, we are used to thinking of clothes as something we wear next to our bodies. Objectively, however, clothes are an extension of our skins. For a naked tribesman, the jungle is his clothes. When one of us runs around naked in a heated room, the room itself is clothes, an extension of our skin, a medium. You recall that earlier I said that any medium will tend to amputate the function which it extends? You can test this very easily by walking into a warm house on a cold day. The first thing you do is take off your overcoat.

NOW, TO CARRY THIS one step further, any new medium or extension of man constitutes a new environment which controls what people who live within it do, the way they think, and the way they act. If you wonder why the Russians behave and react differently from us, part of the answer is probably that until quite recently they lived in a pre-literate society, whereas ours has been literate for a very long time. They are historically ear-oriented whereas we are eye-oriented. There is a great difference.

A man who cannot read will pick up all information about what has gone on before and what is happening outside his field of vision by hearing about it. His world will therefore be more diffused and kaleidoscopic than that of the literate, eye-oriented man because the ear cannot be focused and the eye can.

The process of reading — which I suppose we could define as using our eyes to learn about things we cannot see — is dependent on this unique ability of the eye to focus and follow sequentially. Few people have been able to read at any given time during the past few thousand years since writing was invented. It is only recently, since Gutenberg, that literacy has become the general environment for even a small part of the world. Latin America, Eastern and Southern Europe, Asia, and Africa are still either pre-literate or Johnny-come-latelies to reading; their environmental structures are still ear-oriented.

The differences between literate and pre-literate societies are enormous. Not the least of these differences is technological. Mass production did not begin with the industrial revolution, but with the first printed page that Gutenberg pulled off his press. For the first time, items could be mass produced so that one was indistinguishable from another and all of the same value. This was quite a break-through after millenia of making one object at a time and each somehow different from the other.

But more important was the environment imposed by the medium of print itself: one word after the other, one sentence after another, one paragraph after another, one page after another; one thing at a time in a logical, connected line. The effects of this linear thinking are deep and influence every facet of a literate society such as our own.

An ear-oriented society, on the other hand, will neither act nor react in this one-thing-at-a-time fashion, but will tend to receive and express many experiences simultaneously. It is the difference between our baseball, which is surely one thing after another in a logical sequence, and their soccer which is everything happening at once. Perhaps it is why most of the best chess players — and chess is surely everything happening at once, with millions and millions of simultaneous possibilities — come from pre-literate countries. Or why so many atomic physicists are either Hungarians or Americans in their early twenties. Or why teenagers can listen to the radio full blast, study, and put their hair up in curlers at the same time.

I mention teenagers because it is becoming abundantly apparent that they are not, as we previously thought, going through a phase. They are a different breed of cat entirely. All sorts of reasons have been given for their emergence as a distinct group, among them prosperity and lack of discipline. And what the hell, I was young once myself. I *was* — but not like that. For one thing I wasn't as smart as that. Also, this teenage revolution has been going on for quite a few years now and the early crop is getting up in its late twenties. And I wasn't like them when I was 26 either.

Illustrations by Dugald Stermer

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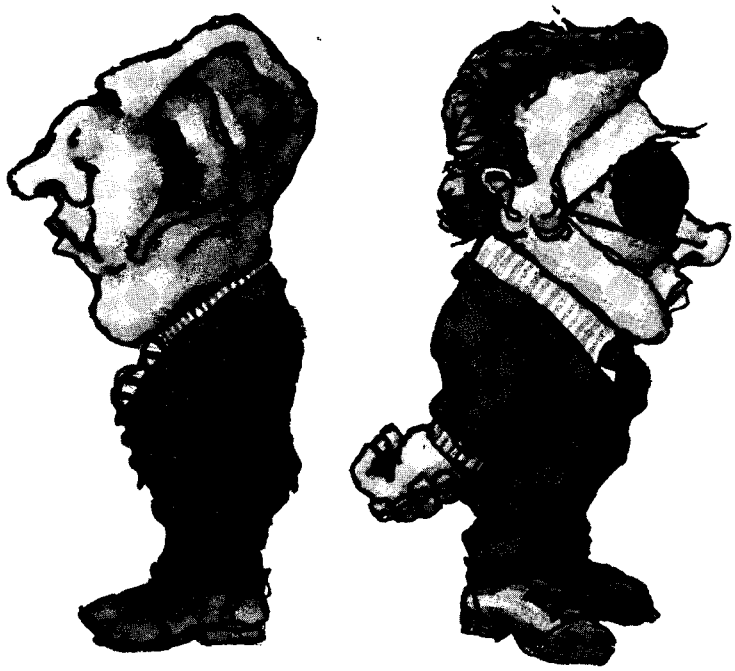

WELL, WHAT HAS HAPPENED? McLuhan's theory is that this is the first generation of the electronic age. He says they are different because the medium that controls their environment is not print — one thing at a time, one thing after another — as it has been for 500 years. It is television, which is everything happening at once, instantaneously, and enveloping.

A child who gets his environmental training on television — and very few nowadays do not — learns the same way any member of a pre-literate society learns: from the direct experience of his eyes and ears, without Gutenberg for a middle man. Of course they do learn how to read too, but it is a secondary discipline, not primary as it is with their elders. When it comes to shaping sensory perceptions, I'm afraid that Master Gutenberg just isn't in the same class with General Sarnoff or Doctor Stanton.

Despite the uproar over inferior or inept television fare, McLuhan does not think that the program content of television has anything to do with the real changes TV has produced; no more than whether a book is trashy or a classic has anything to do with the process of reading it. The basic message of television is television itself, the process, just as the basic message of a book is print. As McLuhan says, "The medium is the message."

This new view of our environment is much more realistic in the light of what has happened since the advent of McLuhan's "Electric Age." The Gutenberg Age, which preceded it, was one thing after another in orderly sequence from cause to effect. It reached its finest flower with the development of mechanical linkages: A acts on B which acts on C which acts on D on down to the end of the line and the finished product. The whole process was thus fragmented into a series of functions, and for each function there was a specialist. This methodology was not confined to making things; it pervaded our entire economic and social system. It still does, though we are in an age when cause and effect are becoming so nearly simultaneous as to make obsolete all our accustomed notions of chronological sequence and mechanical linkage. With the dawn of the Electric Age, time and speed themselves have become of negligible importance; just flip the switch. Instant speed.

However, our methodology and thought patterns are still, for the most part, based on the old fragmentation and specialism, which may account for some of our society's confusion, or perhaps a great deal of it.

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE who read McLuhan and find that your independently arrived-at theories not only are confirmed by, but fit neatly into his far broader structure, it is very heady stuff indeed.

It can also be maddening. For right there, in the middle of a paragraph, you are likely to find an apparently extraneous thought of the kind he calls a "probe." The "probe" is apt to be a flat and final pronouncement about a subject on which the reader just happens to be the World's Greatest Authority. How could McLuhan possibly have known? And as long as he was at it why didn't he amplify it into the 5,000 words it deserved?

(Note on Marshall McLuhan as a conversationalist: when you expound one of your own abstract ideas, he is all rapt attention; it is possible that he also listens. If he wore a hearing aid you would wonder whether he had turned it off. As a non-listener, he is excelled only by Buckminster Fuller, who does wear a hearing aid and does turn it off. Fuller is the champ: one time he interrupted me in the middle of a *question* with, "Do you want an answer or don't you? Very well . . ." He then answered the question; I only wished it had been mine.)

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McLuhan's defense of his random "probes" is that if he stopped to develop them he'd never get on with the main body of his work. They occur to him there so he puts them in there. Perhaps he, as an old teacher, also feels the pupils ought to have something to do besides register his conclusions. If so, he is roaringly successful. He is the only author I know who writes a paragraph that one can read for two hours profitably.

The probe technique does not always work out orally, particularly with small groups. A World's Greatest Expert is liable to grab the probe and run like hell for his own goal leaving the rest of the group — and the ball — up field somewhere. Also, when he is in exceptionally fine probing fettle, he has probes sticking out of him like a porcupine, which is somewhat baffling to the uninitiated. At such times, a lot of Marshall goes a little way.

Richard Schickel categorized those who balked at McLuhan's theories in Harper's ("Marshall McLuhan, Canada's Intellectual Comet"; November 1965) as the "compulsively literal" and the "compulsively academic." I will grant these, but I would like to add another major grouping which cannot be characterized so invidiously. They are bright and flexible enough, but they long ago made their commitments elsewhere. We might call them the Gutenberg-oriented (McLuhan admits to being one himself by inclination). Their attitude is epitomized by something that Barrows Mussey, an American author living in Germany, wrote me, more as explanation than justification: "The difference between McLuhan and me is that, by temperament — and by experience too — I am the sort who says the Wright brothers will never get it off the ground. He is the one who says that every family in America will have a private plane by 1950."

A major key to McLuhan's prose style and his outlook is to be found in his undoubted stature as a Joyce scholar, which is where he started out while working on his doctorate at Cambridge. He regards *Finnegan's Wake* as the most important book of our era and the one that has done the most to chart his own explorations. His immense Joycean joy at snuffling and roiling about in the double-bed of language is evident throughout his work; as is his delight in elaborate puns, some of which are pointed and pregnant (which is to say I get them), while others are so obscurantist as to demand a "Key to McLuhan's Wake."

The avalanche of referential material, probes, and indicators within his work is so vast and diverse as to keep his interpreters busy for some time. Since he isn't much given to going back and clarifying, and at any rate isn't terribly good at it, we can also expect a spate of articles with titles like "Understanding Marshall McLuhan," and "Mechanical Brideshead Revisited."

The Mechanical Bride, published in 1951, was his first book on media and his most bizarre. I will not dwell on it more than to say it is a collector's item fetching upward of $50 in mint condition. His second, *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, is what is called an Important Book. It is mosaicked, empyrean, richly larded with magnificent literary substantiations. (McLuhan has total recall of his own and everybody else's material.) While it is not a book I would volunteer to write jacket blurbs for, its basic premise alone is enough to justify it. It is something like Norbert Wiener's *The Human Use of Human Beings*: if you only get the notion of the title you are miles ahead.

I believe McLuhan will endure, for the reason that there is an observable pattern in his work building towards a unified field theory. It is reasonable that he should try, for to account for creation is the proper goal of those who are able to envision it at all; it is the name of the game.

Understanding Media: the Extensions of Man is the first book of what McLuhan intends to be a trilogy. The second will be called *Cliché to Archetype*, and I hope it will be subtitled "The Environment of Man," because that is what it is about. We all know what scorn is reserved for the man who hasn't read the book, only the review, and discusses it anyway? And what really poor form it is for a writer to review a book he hasn't actually read? Here, I am going to excavate a new layer of Hell for myself: I am going to do both to a book which hasn't yet been written. I haven't even seen one page of McLuhan's unfinished manuscript, but he has talked enough about it so that I think I can wing it, chancy though it is:

Cliché to Archetype to Chance

Everybody talks about environment but nobody does anything about it. This is because, McLuhan says, "The moment a man recognizes his environment it becomes something else, his 'old environment,' and as such is the content of his new, or true, environment; which, of course, again is unseen."

Has he lost you already? Let's get out the bread crumbs: by "environment," he means that accustomed, unnoticed set of conditions which limits an organism's world at any given moment. In the ordinary course of events, we are not aware of our environment any more than a fish is aware of his. As Father John Culkin of Fordham, a leading McLuhanite, says, "We don't know who it was discovered water, but we're pretty sure it wasn't a fish."

Imagine a series of clear plastic domes, one within an-

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other. You can only see them from the outside; from the inside they are invisible. You become aware of an environment — one of these domes that surrounds you — only when you get outside of it. At that point you can see it. But you can't see the one which is *now* above you.

To put it another way, let us suppose that an ant has lived all his young life inside an anthill. He is not really aware that the anthill is his world; it simply *is* his world. So one day they send him off on his first important assignment, to drag back a dead beetle, say. He goes outside the anthill. Two things happen: 1) He sees the anthill for the first time; 2) He becomes aware that the world is a very big place. Does this mean that he is aware of his environment? No, because what he doesn't know is that his anthill is inside a greenhouse. The only way he'll become aware of the greenhouse is if he goes outside it. And even then it won't do him much good, because, you see, the greenhouse is inside the Houston Stadium, and so on. In each instance, you will notice that the old environment becomes content for the newer one, never the other way around. McLuhan, in one of his random conversational probes, notes that this seems to work out even in decor. Victorian furniture fits into a modern room, but a modern piece looks simply awful in a Victorian room.

So, awareness is becoming conscious that there is something higher controlling us than we had thought. The catch is that we can never catch up; we are always one step behind, for everything is contained by something bigger. McLuhan will not, I think, take us on this route, at least not in this book. Perhaps he will in the third leg of his trilogy, but it is hard to say. Although he is a convert to Roman Catholicism he is chary of airing his religious speculations. His concern at this time is not so much with goals as with process.

There are many sorts of environments besides the simple one of physical space which I mentioned: business, political, social, cultural, communications, etc. But for the moment let's just call it all environment. Two things will make us aware of an environment: either it changes or we do. A man who has lost a leg will become aware of steps. A man who has had five martinis may see things he has never seen before. A man who has had ten martinis may see things nobody has seen before.

THERE IS ANOTHER VARIETY of environmental recognition reserved for those viewing it as outsiders. There are several varieties of what McLuhan calls "anti-environmentals," though I think "extra-environmental" is more descriptive.

An extra-environmental can be a person within a society whose perceptions have not been conditioned to obliviousness of the structure of a given environment. The story of the Emperor's new clothes is a good example. The child, because he was not yet committed to the environmental power set-up, was not committed to see the Emperor's clothes, so he didn't. It was only when the extra-environmental child pointed out that he was naked that the others were able to see it too.

Similarly, a teenager with his other-conditioned perceptions will be extra-environmental in our Gutenbergish society.

A SECOND TYPE OF EXTRA-ENVIRONMENTAL is apparently due to an innate deficiency. That is to say that some people are unable to see things in a normal fashion. On the other hand, they will see things that normal people can't. During the Second War, I understand that some aerial observers were recruited because they were colorblind. Their colorblindness made them unable to distinguish things designed for normal eyes, such as camouflage. They'd look down at a quite ordinary stretch of landscape and say, "Hey, there's a gun emplacement!" Because of their disability, their impairment of vision, their eyes were not taken in by the camouflage; all they could see was the thing itself. The extra-environmental thus has a great advantage, assuming he has anything else going for him. His mind isn't cluttered up with a lot of rules, policy, and other environmental impedimenta that often pass for experience. The more experience you have the less able you are to look at a given environment, especially your own, with fresh eyes.

I SAID EARLIER that one of the ways that we can become aware of environment is for it to change. However, sometimes an environment can change without our really noticing what has happened. Part of this is due to a lag in terminology, part to our Mechanical Age commitment to specialists.

Travel, as an example, has changed drastically, and I don't mean that it's just faster. Travel, for the most part, is no longer travel; it is a process which has a beginning and an end but virtually no middle. Travel is not an experience so much as a suspension of experience. Flying in a plane from San Francisco to New York is nothing more nor less than a horizontal elevator ride. One imagines that if we had buildings 3000 miles high, there would be a young woman on the elevators offering us coffee, tea, or milk.

IS TERMINOLOGY all that important? Yes, because to name things is to recognize them; it is the way we learn about our environment. Which brings us to specialism. The specialist is by nature environmental. He is committed to what McLuhan calls a fragmented function within a given process linkage. If his environ-

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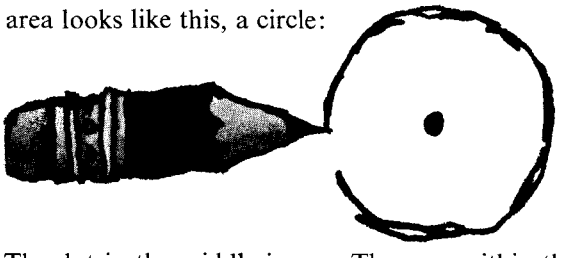
ment changes he will not necessarily become extra-environmental. It is more likely that he will carry his tendency to specialism with him the way a snail does his shell. A born specialist will tend to interpret all experience in the light of his own expertise. *Illustrative story*: one time a cloak and suit manufacturer went to Rome and while he was there managed to get an audience with His Holiness. Upon his return a friend asked him, "What did the Pope look like?" The tailor answered, "A 41 Regular."

If specialism epitomizes the environmental stance, then "generalism" probably covers the extra-environmental. A generalist starts from the outside of a given environment; a specialist works on the inside. McLuhan has a special aversion to specialism; a sign in his office proclaims, "No specialist need apply." This does not mean that he is against professional expertise in the solution of problems, only against its built-in blinkers.

Once you take a problem to a specialist you are wired in to a specialist's solution. However well executed it is, the odds are against its being a real answer. Let us say that your company is having growing pains, and is uncomfortable in its present quarters. So you go to an architect. Let us also suppose that he is a very good architect, broad-thinking, one dedicated solidly to the proposition that form follows function. So he inquires after your needs, your ambitions, your hopes, your fears, what manner of people you are, etc. Do you know what you are going to end up with? A building. Now, a building, however nice, may not be the answer to your problem at all. Perhaps the real answer is to stop expanding, or fire the traffic manager, or everyone stay home and do cottage work connected by closed-circuit TV. But these are generalist solutions, not the sort of thing you expect an architect to come up with. If he did, you'd probably think he was a busybody.

Those who find McLuhan most compatible are those who have already figured out a structure and wonder where it fits in the larger scheme of things. The generalist area looks like this, a circle:



The dot in the middle is you. The area within the circle is your field of specialization; therefore any problem solution (save one by a greater specialist) which fits inside will be unacceptable because you already know all about it, and have probably tried it, and it doesn't work. On the other hand, anything outside the circle is incomprehensible; any solution placed there will simply be inapplicable. The generalist problem-solving area has got to be right on the circumference itself: close enough in so that you get it, far enough out so that you can't pick it to pieces.

McLUHAN'S TERMINOLOGY accommodates this concept and improves it by expanding it into a process. He would call the inside of the circle "environment," and the outside "anti-environment." You can't really recognize things inside your environment, and you can't really see things outside it; so there we are sitting on the circumference again. The thing that is added by this change in terms is this: you solve problems by expanding the environmental area, by moving the circumference out.

"Cliché to Archetype," McLuhan's main title, deserves an explanation here too. "Cliché" means any environmental element, omnipresent, unnoticed. It becomes noticed when the environment changes. At this point, as it becomes "content" of the new environment, it also becomes an art form. If you live in a room that has cabbage rose patterned wallpaper, you will notice it at first but after awhile, it will become just wallpaper. What was once fresh and new turns into a cliché and assumes its role as part of the environment. Now let us suppose that when you repaper the room, you decide to save a square of the old stuff and have it framed. As a picture it is no longer wallpaper, but content for the new environment.

Something else has happened too: it has become an art form. If it is successful as an art form and is admired and copied — or at any rate persists so that eventually it becomes the one and only from which all others emanate — it constitutes an archetype. Today's archetype was yesterday's art form, day before yesterday's cliché, and the day before that it was the last word.

It is hard to tell how much of the above will turn out to be McLuhan and how much McGuesswork when the book finally comes out. One thing is sure; it covers only a tiny bit of the material therein.

Tom Wolfe titled his jaunty, perceptive piece on McLuhan in the Sunday Herald Tribune Magazine (Nov. 21, 1965), "Marshall McLuhan. Supposing He Is What He Sounds Like, The Most Important Thinker Since Newton, Darwin, Freud, Einstein and Pavlov — *What If He Is Right?*"

That's it, of course; the reason why he is attended by attentive, if mystified, communications and other business executives: what if he is right?

McLuhan's most powerful appeal, in the end, is to those who have thought themselves into a sort of intellectual isolation, who lie awake and groan, "Doesn't anyone else think in the same patterns I do?" For some of these McLuhan does.

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The Brave Music:

Talleyrand's Ghost at the Funeral of J. F. K.

The *Fête Champêtre* is finished, and the Style
That charmed the wild Potomac for a while.
O très petit temps de douceur et de jeunesse,
It seems that Washington is worth a Mass.
That Boston Cardinal: it seems they must
Commit, in Gaelic, this sad dust to dust.
O scythes of Harvest on the hopeful sowers!
Widowed Demeter moves among the mowers,
Turning to aureate earth this autumn scene:
A Roman matron, a Racinian Queen,
A saucer-eyed, sophisticated child
Coaxed out of Diaghilev by Oscar Wilde.
Napoleon's death, that momentary lull
In the conversation; Bourbon rites were dull.
But here the funeral horses and the flags
Are almost Hohenzollern. Black eclogues,
Baroque as Góngora's, will bloom to show
Old Boston yielding to the Alamo. . . .
The War Between The States: it divides them still!
The Blue, the Gray, the charge at Malvern Hill:
O dying sunset bugles, that lost war rages!
And then is won by Faulkner in his pages.
After such passion, what memorials? What ghost
Cries out, *No more parades*!, to the passing post?
How but in ceremony and in violence are born
A civilization's values? Let the mourners mourn!
(Does the Old Order founder, against-the-grain?
Do the soaring cobalt-rockets shower rain?
Nous avons changé tout cela — but not Man's pain.)
Now Johnson, in the wings, seems very human:
Content no more to be the Texas Truman.
O Lyndon, sagebrush sybarite, play your part:
For the mob has pillaged many a well-born heart.
O many a well-born heart, that played the knave,
Now sleeps with Mozart in the common grave:
Unmarked, unmourned in *champ-clos* or salon.
That Sibyl, Du Deffand, on Walpole's *ton*:
Her sharpened arrows always reached the mark.
O mourners in this circus-dazzled Park,
Who killed him? Envy? The arrows of Apollo?
Of Du Deffand? They say the Tomb was hollow,
The prairie Caesar dreaming at his post. . . .
Yet I could never bring my stubborn ghost
Quite to believe in Lincoln: Booth had wit;
And rolled his campy Latin to the pit.
But this: *c'est pire qu'un crime, c'est un milieu.*
This land, this air-raid shelter with a view,
This cowthorn Athens facing Europe's Night,
This earth, this realm, this Texas satellite:
Even Medusa here would shade her eyes,
The Fates find only victims to despise.
Here Eisenhower smiles at Charles de Gaulle:
Huck Finn, gone fruity with a fishing-pole,
Gazes, he thinks, on a St. Michael lost in light
Who cannot tell his left Wing from his right.
(How could Malraux anoint that togaed King,
That Wagner minus the magic of the *Ring*?
Does Siegfried hope to find, in the Cave of Desire,
Rococo butterball Venus, bathed in fire?)
The Corsican *arriviste* adored the sham,

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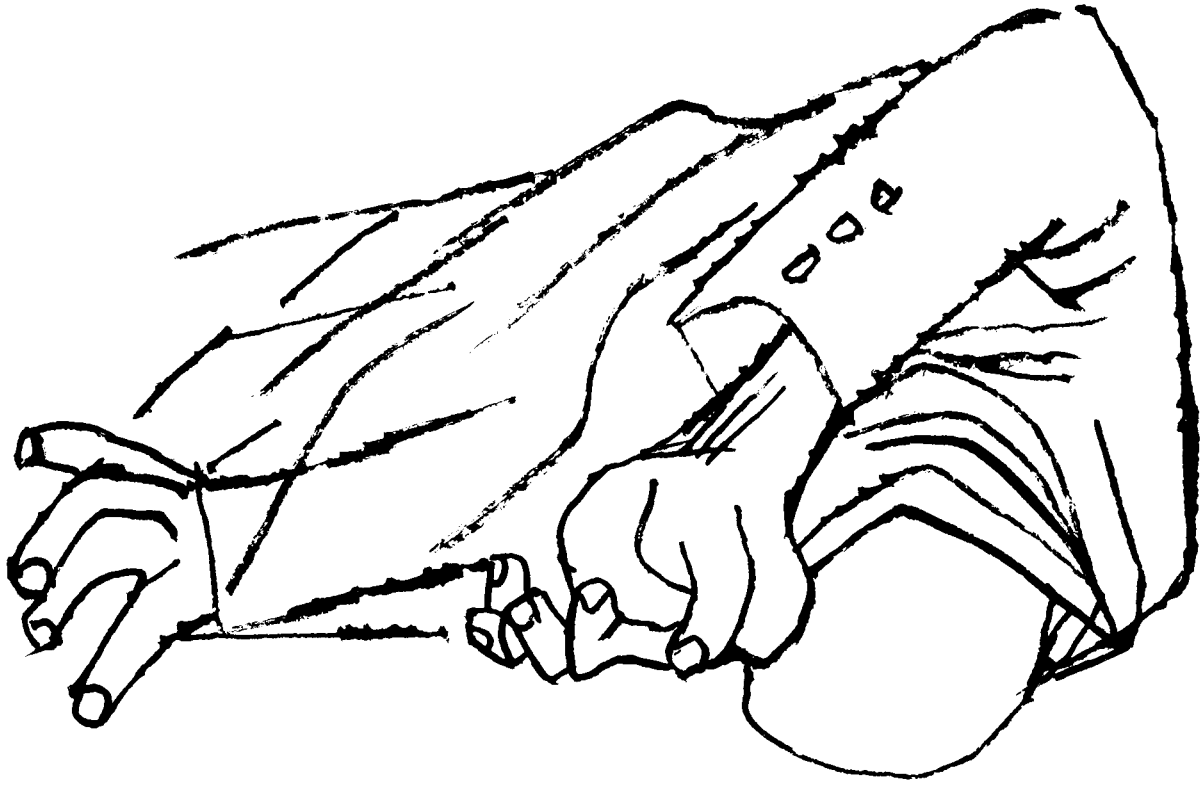

Whom History skewers in an epigram.
A Wind is rising: out of Homer comes
A masterly pageant of the muffled drums.
O the brave music and the funeral wind
Of late November! When the crowds are thinned
(Only the Irish will be left to mourn),
The students' torches guttered, the forlorn
Sailor enchanted in the sea's berceuse
(For Man was made to dawdle and to muse),
O what will they remember of this Day?
The boyish, Irish commander's borne away
In the grand manner. Jacqueline, you had style
And charmed the dull Potomac for a while.
Your wit? They loved you only as a widow,
That Day of Blood, these *pompes-funèbres* of Shadow,
These straining horses who presage Man's doom
With the brave music of a broken drum.
But the brave music and the public rites
Are gliding into Shadow . . . Now the Nights,
Profound as Athalie's, will probe their fears.
For Life proceeds, nor heeds the haunted years
Dropping on us their inextinguishable tears.
And so it goes with all the old régimes.
Youth had no dry run to perfect its schemes:
Only a legend dazzled into dreams;
An Irish legend *au pied de l'Esprit*,
A Harvard legend. Who was it fought the Sea?
Surely, that Hero knew no History?
And so this funeral: Hector on a hearse,
They harped him into Arlington, their terse
Official *Elysée*, while polyglot mourners
Stood there like witless, innocent sojourners.
Shakespearian Kings were privy to that pain;
Or Frederick's, *A crown is a hat that lets in the rain.*
O straining horses, veering in a vector:
Did they conduct the funeral of horse-taming Hector?
Did he have wit and style? And was he brave?
O rows of mourners crowding to the grave,
The Sea of Time blurs History's murderous wave. . . .
Napoleon's death, that momentary lull
In the conversation; Bourbon rites were dull.
And Empire orgies, Hohenzollern dances,
And ghostly soldiers straining at their lances.
And Faulkner's South 'from Texas to the Tide',
Where the brave music of a culture died
In the dying sunset bugles, where the lost war burns
All wit to ashes in the funeral urns!
O out of the Confederate Graveyard, Achilles' Shield
Slopes to the twilight of this Soldier's Field:
The towering ghosts are broken to the yield
Of scything mowers harvesting the stars.
The Huntsmen are up in America: the stars
Are unmoved by pain or wisdom or our wars.
O très petit temps de douceur et de jeunesse,
It seems that Washington is worth a Mass.
And Troy is gone, and Andromaque moves in glass.
Whose arm will lead them now? Whose wounds will bless?

by Harry Stiehl

Drawing by Ben Shahn

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LSD

The Acid Test

I.

Exploring Inner Space

There are various ways of dropping out of our modern condition. One way is to visit or live in a country like Guatemala, which hangs onto its sanity by lagging a century or two behind. Another way out is psychosis although, on a long-term basis, it is reported to be too lonely. Alcoholism suits many Americans, but it is only a makeshift. Marijuana smoking is growing in popularity. Other Americans toy with religious ecstasy, but usually not in a serious way.

Viable people really want out, this time. They are willing to risk something. Some of them find revolutionary opportunities outside: they sit in, lie in, sleep in, teach in, think in. Others find the scene inside; that is the radical way, for it breaks with our tradition of looking for salvation in deeds alone.

Exploring inner space is as revolutionary as exploring outer space. You risk a lot when you ingest LSD-25 (d-lysergic acid dielthylamide tartrate). A young man told me that after he swallowed 250 micrograms of this agent, "my whole self flowed down from my head and between my knees and spread out in front of me, face up, like a deck of cards . . . I think that if I had had time, I would have tried to pray, but there was nothing left in me even to pray with (or so I thought). I was scared shitless. Then, all of a sudden, I was inside an absolutely pure white light that softly held me up over an abyss. I guess in the showdown there is something that holds you up. I never cried since I was five years old, and that's the way I cried."

A middle-aged professor said: "I was fifteen feet above myself, looking down on myself in the chair reading a book."

If you had a sufficient dose, and you brought yourself honestly into the experience, and you brought in your hangups and kept defending them, what happened to you was that you died.

But the heart keeps beating and the lungs keep breathing and eventually, somebody gets born into this vacated body. Most of these people find out for the first time what it is to be *really alone*. This discovery certainly is not special to LSD voyagers. Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., for example, has told how, as a young man he met his naked self in a session of terrible aloneness, and made this the base of a warm and abundant man.

During an LSD session, you are apt to feel like an explorer who landed on Mars with no return fuel. One San Francisco executive said that after ingesting 350 micrograms of LSD, plus about 300 milligrams of mescalin (which has a kindly effect): "The ceiling above me became a black sky filled with universes, red, white and blue, whirling at incredible speeds and interlocking with consummate accuracy. This was a very small part of what I thought of as The System. The universes ran in perfect order through The System, faster than light flashes. I had a horrible realization that I was ceasing to exist. I looked around for my LSD guide, and I perceived him as the Manager of The System, who made it all and controlled it. A very beautiful religious experience happened to me then, that I don't want to talk about today. I wept for all the people I have hurt in my life, including myself.

"The Manager rose from his chair and was fiddling around with some papers in the adjoining room. I was alone. There was no Manager, just myself and all *that*. That is how I found out that no man runs the universe. After I came out of it, I realized I had been acting in my life as though I could control everything around me."

The LSD veterans say that you have no attentive, familial figures at your side, as you die. Courage is required to meet this aloneness; possibly you traverse the kind of territory Dante did in creating the *Divine Comedy*. Alan Harrington, writing of his LSD session, tells of heaven and hell, and reports that the outcome "provided an atheist with what can be described as a religious or anyway metaphysical insight, and this has not dimmed." Medical doctors and psychologists generally describe such adventures as hallucinations. Those who have been through it say, "I don't care what you call it—it happened."

by Donovan Bess

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II.

Running Smack Into Your Essence

Some of the doubters seem to be upset by LSD's capacity for letting people make themselves warm and loving. Take the case of the California physicist who sacrificed himself for science by taking LSD. He followed the orthodox procedure of having with him a guide — a man who had been on the psychedelic journey and therefore was not alarmed by behavior that would seem eccentric to most people. The guide reported: "He went into LSD and was speechless for eight hours . . . He ran smack into his *essence* and he was so overwhelmed and so amazed and disconcerted about what this brought home to him that he was completely unable to communicate." When the physicist's wife and daughter showed up at the end of the session, this man wept. He had never cried before, apparently, and he cried quietly for a long time. He was taken to a motel with an LSD-sitter. After a few hours, he sent for a colleague from his office, "threw his arms around this guy and burst into tears."

Such conduct does not invite those of us who think it may be bad taste to embrace in the style of the Russians in novels. We also have a vague fear that the LSD movement might convert the country into one vast, schmaltzy Chautauqua meeting. Strong human emotion seems to emerge almost invariably after the cosmic aloneness of a session, and the habit of physical touching continues with these returned LSD travellers. It is hard for us to approve such touching because we have developed a non-contact style of living. Coldness makes an American seem more successful; warmth indicates an indifference to money. If you sit down beside someone on the bus, he is scared that your leg or arm might contaminate his body because you are supposed to be a stranger. You may be merely an unintroduced friend or lover.

What most people temporarily lose, during the LSD session, is the ego: the part that is thought to direct, supervise and plan for the personality; the part that considers the individual body to be private property. The ego is possessive. But under LSD the ego dies — so it is not so hard afterward to suffer little deaths, such as being embarrassed when your body gets touched in public.

The psychedelic death is especially lonely — lonelier, perhaps, than for the soldier who physically dies in a Vietnamese field hospital. He at least has the comfort of cuddling up in the image of his mother. Under LSD you have no such bourgeois comfort; you have no familial figure at all. You die grown up. If you can hang onto that, afterward, you can offer society some adult values. You came to this point in a rite of passage as explicit, as terrible and as meaningful as those rites used in aboriginal Australia.

There are not many rites of passage left. At puberty, American boys are not incarcerated for hours of terror with the men, to help them cross the sexual frontier into manly responsibility and privileges. The pain has been taken out of childbirth and the virginity out of brides. Physical dying still offers a ritualistic opportunity, but Americans take little advantage of it. President Kennedy had a feeling for ritual; he was studied by the young, who are trying to hack out their own passages, without rites, to some frontier beyond the horrors promoted by the so-called adults of the Johnsonian era.

III.

Me Instead of "Mother"

Young people accept LSD as a fact of the times. They are fed up with being latent human beings. The purpose behind their experiments is to find the humanity they were cheated of by *ersatz* education, electronic conditioning, and living in families led by synthetic productions labelled "mother" and "father." The world they are seeking was identified tentatively by William James after he got high on nitrous oxide (laughing gas). He concluded that "our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different." Many people try to penetrate this filmiest of screens at their local Pentecostal church. But in the past decade, even members of the upper-class churches, including the Episcopalians ("God's frozen people"), have developed Pentecostal symptoms. Some of them gather in secret, like early Christians, to "speak in tongues," in an unintelligible language they believe to be of divine origin.

Older people seem to prefer to try to deal with the quality of modern life by addiction to alcohol or television. Younger people prefer more awareness. You don't have to ingest LSD or peyote or psilocybin or belladonna to have your mind expanded. Last spring, at a symposium on LSD at the Esalen Institute of Big Sur Hot Springs, on the California coast, a young pediatrician rose to declare: "I have never taken LSD, but it's changed my whole life." He had "turned on" only by listening to the rapt talk of those who had crossed the psychedelic frontier, and by being gazed at from eyes made big-seeming and luminous from having seen with extra dimension.

The innocents at this symposium were warned that they would have to undergo psychological shock treatment if they wished to break through to "some kind of self be-

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yond our selves." Richard Marsh, a San Francisco State College professor who had a series of LSD trips, told them that during the experience the hell rages relentlessly as long as a man's ego refuses to give way to what *seems* to be a threat to his sanity. He illustrated this by telling how a Zen student held onto a shrub to keep from falling off the side of a steep cliff and suffered terribly until, finally, it was not endurable to hold on any longer. "He let go," said Marsh, "and fell three feet."

Nicolas Berdyaev has written (in *The Divine and the Human*) that in "the new revelation of the Holy Spirit . . . consciousness passes into super-consciousness and a world is revealed which lies beyond the sphere in which subject and object fall apart." This is an inadvertent definition from a deeply religious man of a much-reported experience of unity while under the influence of LSD. They usually return to the workaday world with a distrust of words — which seem quite unable to retrieve the values perceived during the trip. When they try to use words about it, they hear themselves being called "kooky"; or if they are taken seriously, they find that the words they choose merely confuse or annoy. "I never try to tell people about it any more," said one traveler from inner space. "Can you tell a blind man what a sunset really is? Can you explain in words what lobster tastes like? What can you say about love to a man who has never been in love?"

The plight of the returned travelers can be summed up in this statement by one of them:

"Suppose I dig Beethoven's 15th Quartet — all the nuances, the phrases that are exquisite to the edge of torture, the fern-filled, adagio recesses, the tender, demonic violin screaming that drives you wild, and suppose I dig William Blake and Miles Davis and Giotto and the chess play of Reshevsky and the sublime arc of Willie Mays' arm throwing to home plate. Now suppose I got this way all at once in six hours, by taking LSD.

"Suppose I have a wolfhound who loves me, and I love him, and we have this great and simple love for one another.

"Now, you are that wolfhound if you haven't had the LSD experience that I had. Your dog life is pretty elegant, and you really are warm toward me, but you are so limited. Suppose you were a talking wolfhound and you asked me about my trip? I would have a hell of a time trying to give you any sense of the meaning of any one phrase of the 15th Quartet. The worst thing is, you will begin to dislike me a little — you can't figure out why I have these far-away lights in my eyes. I am loving you more than I ever did, but you don't believe me, because you're afraid of something in me that lives in those far-away lights a great deal.

"I try to tell you that you, too, must do what I did, taking LSD, so that we can come in level, but this makes you so mad that we just stop being friends at all.

"It sounds snobbish, doesn't it? It's not. It's democratic. Join us!"

This is the foundation of LSD evangelism. Once you come upon truths privately that you cannot make public, it is tempting to try to convert non-believers. The prophet for this movement is Aldous Huxley, whose *Doors of Perception*, has interested thousands of persons in the mescalin experience. He apparently had a good deal more consciousness to expand in the first place, so his experience had fine quality. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, two young Harvard psychology professors, have taken over the psychedelic preaching job. Leary sometimes writes of LSD as though it were a lover. He and Alpert unwisely allowed Harvard students to imbibe LSD in non-clinical settings, to the great irritation of the university. The two professors refused to make their research look respectable: i.e., to behave like rat psychologists. They behaved more like W. B. Yeats and George Moore at an Abbey Theatre rehearsal. Harvard got rid of them.

Leary and Alpert have published a manual called "The Psychedelic Experience," with instructions about as explicit as those in the booklet you get with your hi-fi components. Follow the instructions, and you are guaranteed "liberation-enlightenment." You are guided into seven levels, such as "for the influence of thought," "for the sexual vision," "for choosing a post-session personality." Presumably you are furnished with a guide who has practiced locating the right page in a hurry. The manual goes so far as to instruct you on how to "obtain Buddhahood in the Central Realm of the Densely Packed."

IV.

Give Daddy a Chemistry Set

Willis Harman, a Stanford University professor who has had nine years' research experience with the drug, says LSD is wildly unpredictable. He says the psychedelic agents have been observed to produce hallucinations, to produce a psychotic-like condition, to aid psychotherapy by facilitating recall of early-childhood happenings and uncovering repressed emotions, as well as to open gates to mystical or religious experiences. But the professor adds: "Which of these effects predominate depends upon the expectations of the subject, the qualities of the persons present with him when he takes the drug, and on the nature of the setting."

LSD was developed in 1943 in Basel, Switzerland, by Dr. Albert Hofmann, who had been working on a new

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alkaloid compound of lysergic acid derived from ergot, a fungus known to grow on rye and wheat. Since then, there has been considerable medical research in England and some other countries, but in the United States, medical leaders have tried to avoid research that might risk a loss of dignity or prestige. Dr. Roy R. Grinker Sr., chief editor of Archives of General Psychiatry, recently invoked the word "evil" in connection with LSD. While the doctors, psychologists and public health officials view with alarm, the nation's youth are engaged in massive ad hoc research on themselves. They have moved with enthusiasm into this low-budget approach to transcending — now and then, at least — the American way of life of 1966.

The Food and Drug Administration has put LSD in the category of "a dangerous drug." In the wrong hands, LSD can indeed be dangerous. A 10-year-old boy in New England got hold of a sugar cube saturated with LSD, ate it, and sat for most of a week in front of a TV set that was not connected electrically. He saw a series of programs that existed only in his mind. He was kept out of school for another week, and he had trouble reviving what little ego he had scraped together in his young life. Recently a Boston College student bought an LSD-saturated sugar lump near Harvard Square (which still is the LSD capital of the USA). He went into a temporary schizophrenic state in which he perceived his arms and legs as separated from his torso.

The hazards are minimal, though, when psychedelics are administered under medical supervision, according to Dr. Sidney Cohen, chief psychiatrist at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Los Angeles. After surveying all the clinical work done with LSD so far, he found a suicide rate of one patient per 2500. Psychotic reactions lasting more than 48 hours after ingestion totaled less than two for each 1000 patients, and only two for each 2500 normal volunteers.

LSD is easier to manufacture than corn whiskey was during Prohibition — and goes a lot farther. Thomas G. Alexander, an FDA chemist, reported last year that after studying an article in the Journal of Organic Chemistry, he went to his laboratory with some ergotamine tartrate and lysergic acid and, after about 40 hours' work, came up with a fairly good facsimile of Sandoz' premium-quality LSD. Dr. Henry B. Bruyn, director of the student health services for the University of California's Berkeley campus, says: "Anybody who has mastered a Gilbert Chemistry set can make LSD."

Primitive chemists through the centuries have developed more than a dozen psychedelic compounds. Western man, if he works at it, probably can find something psychically explosive in the weeds of any vacant lot.

People who swill down a few hundred micrograms of LSD at a party to prove that they're not chicken, sometimes show up at emergency hospitals with schizophrenic symptoms. Some of these temporarily confused drug-takers get tucked into the psychopathic wards, where they can suggest themselves into a real psychosis. Dr. Bruyn has drilled his psychiatrists in counter-LSD measures. "My guess," he says, "is that many hospital emergency rooms and physicians are unfamiliar with the quality of the acute panic that can occur with the use of LSD. As a result, the individual sometimes is left in his terrifying emotional state for an unnecessarily long period of time." He has instructed his staff to "dissolve" the panic state by giving an intramuscular injection of 25 milligrams of Thorazine.

V.

Letting Go Your Ego

Although it is still not illegal to use LSD, it is illegal to sell it. If LSD is outlawed, as marijuana is, the FDA agents will have some picturesque enforcement problems. LSD is so potent a smuggler can get $10,000 worth of it into a human vagina. But why smuggle when good home brew is plentiful? Perhaps the Federal D-men have to get injunctions to stop the manufacture and sale of Gilbert Chemistry sets.

Some of the LSD people have a tendency to form a subculture. A number of them have settled in primitive parts of Mexico, where they believe they do not have to be "game players" in the American sense. A typical result of one or more LSD sessions is to feel all the persons on the earth are of one family. Men love other men without fear of somebody's label of homosexuality, and they have pleasant experiences of loving certain women without feeling specifically sexual about it.

The International Foundation for Advanced Study in Menlo Park, California — one of the few places where psychedelic therapy is offered in the United States — has devised exercises for testing how good a man is at letting go of the ego. Subjects are broken in with inhalations of 70 per cent oxygen and 30 per cent CO2, "sufficient to cause transient dissociation without loss of consciousness." This works so well, according to another staff member, that one patient even recalled he had been born with the umbilical cord wrapped around his neck. (He had had the unconscious notion that his mother had tried to strangle him.) The man's mother acknowledged to Center investigators that the birth had been like this. Her son got well.

James Fadiman, a psychologist on the center's staff, explains why a person needs a guide who has had the

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experience. "It is as though you have visited Paris in the past and now the patient is visiting Paris. You have a map of the city in your head and when he gets confused or lost, you ask him, 'Where are you?' Figuratively speaking, he replies: 'I am on an island.' You might say to him, 'Is there a big church there with twin towers?' If he says 'yes' you realize he has arrived at the Ile de la Cité, and you can help him locate himself. LSD brings up that kind of situation."

The limited LSD therapy tried out in the United States and Canada has shown some hopeful results in the treatment of alcoholism and narcotic addiction. In the field of individual therapy, where personal growth is the major goal, England is ahead of this country. Experiments there have produced what appear to be astonishing feats of recall. Adults retrieve repressed scenes of horror from the Battle of Britain — and shed unnecessary anxiety that was rooted in such repression. Dr. Frank Lake, who uses LSD in his psychiatric practice in Nottingham, cites a number of birth recall cases. One patient had suffered from a pain in his left shoulder, with no organic cause known. He underwent the rebirth experience frequently reported from LSD sessions, and felt "tremendous anxiety" because he thought his left arm was being torn off. At Dr. Lake's suggestion he asked his mother about his delivery. She told him he had been born with one arm raised and pressed against his head. (The experience of giving birth to a baby while under LSD was reported by a California man. The emerged child, he said, was his renewed self.)

VI.

Her First Orgasm

The most radical known LSD investigations have been conducted by Dr. Stanislav Grof of the Psychiatric Research Institute in Prague. He gave in-patients heavy doses of the drug *every week* for up to 35 weeks. In the later stages of their treatment, Grof said, his patients had "pleasurable experiences — mystic, religious, transcendental, esthetic. Their low self-esteem is raised. They feel a oneness with other people, with nature. They are able to accept themselves, and others, and the world." One of his woman patients had tried conventional psychotherapy for eight years to overcome her frigidity. After repeated LSD sessions, she relived moments at age eight when her stepfather raped her and, in a transcendent climax, experienced an orgasm in the consulting room. (There is a clinic at Washington University in St. Louis which may want somebody to look into this. The clinic handles frigid wives and impotent husbands who have remained sexually incomplete despite six months of psychotherapy. A medical doctor and a psychologist coach these husbands and wives on physiological techniques that result in orgasms during laboratory intercourse.)

The U.S. Public Health Service has been slow to fund such projects. The administrators, like the AMA bureaucrats, prefer to play it safe. How would it look if somebody killed himself as the result of an LSD journey underwritten by taxpayers' money? It is as if the National Science Foundation decided to avoid research on the use of dynamite on the theory that an accident would cause excessive public criticism. Professor Harman says that most approved research projects call for the classic type of graduate-student volunteer — a person who generally has a psychological set against LSD. "Anyone with an interest in taking it," Harman says, "is immediately disqualified. They get paid to submit to this 'awful torture' in the name of science." It is not surprising that some of these unfortunate volunteers grow paranoid or psychotic, and some have been taken to mental hospitals after their LSD experience.

Probably the United States Army performs more experiments with psychedelic drugs than any other organization in the country, according to Ralph M. Goldman, a political scientist who began a study of possible psychochemical weapons while on the faculty of the University of Chicago three years ago. "With the development of effective delivery systems," he says, "entire armies, communities, and even nations could be put out of commission for two or three days." Apparently you make a "delivery" when you get enough LSD into the water supply of an enemy city or military base. It is tasteless and odorless, so as a powder it could also be mixed with the base's sugar supply.

The Army Chemical Corps has expressed its interest in such drugs in a fact sheet in which it observes that "if a man's ability to integrate time and distance could be impaired, it could seriously interfere with his handling of a jet, or firing of a gun from, or at, a moving tank." The Corps even seems to have faced the disturbing thought that LSD might infiltrate high commands. Certainly some curious tactical orders would be given if somebody slipped 300 micrograms of this agent into the coffee of a field general.

The Corps fact sheet is quite taken with the case of the cat that lapped up a heavy dose of LSD in her milk. When she was confronted with a laboratory mouse, she got badly scared. The Corps goes on to report, moreover, that in other experiments, turned-on cats — far from fearing the mouse — "appear to show a deep affection for it, and mother it as a kitten." Weapons that create love between natural enemies certainly are not dependable.

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VII.

A Head-Shrinker's Confession

Any psychiatrist can request LSD for use with his patients, but few do. The psychiatrist is too insecure socially to be a pioneer in such work: he has barely emerged from his "head-shrinker" status. Why should a psychiatrist stick his neck out for the sake of therapeutic inquiry? Somebody might accuse him of practicing alchemy. And the psychiatrists are not soothed by reading what some of the LSD travelers report. Take the case of Wilson van Dusen, who reported in 1961, as a psychologist at the Mendocino State Hospital in California: "I spent my first three LSD sessions discovering my life was arranged in layers. The outermost and most superficial was my position and concerns as a psychologist. These seemed unimportant. The papers on my desk were nonsense. Status-striving was no more meaningful than walking up hill." Where would our civilization be if we took such an attitude? No professional man is playing fair when he publicly confesses that his work is superficial. Certainly Van Dusen's put-down of status-striving is a bit negligent, considering that part of the psychotherapist's job is to get the patient "adjusted" to the society in which he lives.

Psychedelic therapy, according to an article in the Journal of Neuropsychiatry in 1962, "places major responsibility clearly on the patient and tends to discourage any sort of long-term dependency or transference relationship with the therapist." This doesn't sit well with all psychoanalysts. At a recent Big Sur symposium on LSD, a young mother told how her Jungian analyst had opposed her plan to take the LSD trip. "The Jungians," she said, "think it is better to do it yourself, even if you have to spend your life suffering. I had one LSD experience and, aside from childbirth, it is the most significant thing that has happened in my life." To complain that the LSD route is "unnatural" (and therefore wicked) is like saying you are cheating if you let the doctor give you tranquillizers or morphine when you are dying of cancer. To complain that LSD experiences have been induced only by suggestion is like telling Robert Graves that the sublimities that come to him in poetic trance are counterfeit.

...and beyond

VIII.

"I Fly, I Fly!"

LSD is only the beginning. Experimenters are hard at work on new ways of expanding the feeble consciousness of mid-20th century man—ways that make LSD seem derrière garde. One of the more spectacular is yagé (pronounced yah-hey), a drug made by boiling stalks of the Banisteriopsis jungle creeper with leaves of another plant.

Judging from the accounts of sophisticated Chileans who took the drug, it makes you behave as a Cro-Magnon man might, if he had behind him, as a remote memory, the refinements and habits of a modern city-dweller. With LSD the ego, even as it dies and is reborn, is central to the action. Yagé, acting with the authority and weight of a Titan's hand, simply lifts you out of your ego, and sometimes out of your species. You wrestle with wild beasts, and at times you *are* a beast or a serpent or a huge bird. Sometimes you are a clairvoyant, seeing persons enormously distant from you. Sometimes you behave like an astral body. Or, if you find yourself in a Pleistocene environment, you feel quite at home there, and it is a relief, after years of trying to believe that freeways and other modern amenities are for the good of Man. A Chilean engineer who took a sizable dose of yagé, cut with mescalin, reported: "I was turning into a winged being . . . My wings were growing and as they did, my feeling of freedom increased, as if I had been imprisoned during my entire lifetime, and I suddenly had organs that made it possible for me to expand . . . I timidly began to move my wings. I felt the movements of flying clearly: how the wing rested on the resisting air, and how a wave of motion went from the tip to the other end, permitting me to lift the body. And I said, 'I fly, I fly!' And I felt the air coming into my mouth, caressing my whole body, and saw the perspective of the earth." The absolutism of this experience is typical of yagé; all the senses are mandated into the visions. What happens during the eight hours of its effect is remembered as though it were a conventional part of past happenings.

Yagé (or ayahuasca, or caapi) was discovered in 1956 by Michael J. Harner, an American anthropologist, while

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doing field work among the Jivaro Indians in the Amazon. It was introduced to modern society by Dr. Claudio Naranjo, a Chilean psychiatrist who visited the jungles of southeastern Colombia with a batch of LSD and told the Indians: "I am a shaman (tribal doctor-priest) and I have here magic that I would like to trade for some of your magic." Potions were exchanged, and Naranjo returned to Santiago to begin a series of experiments with his patients, most of whom had previous experience with LSD.

Dr. Naranjo reports that although the yagé subject usually appears to be in a self-contained reverie, his condition "neurologically is more like a state of alertness, in that the EEG recordings show the disappearance of alpha waves when the patients have their eyes closed." The mind is immensely active.

Frequently there are myth-like engagements with wild beasts or large serpents. "At first, many tiger faces," said an attractive, 25-year-old Chilean magazine writer. "Panthers and all kinds of cats. Black and yellow. Then *the* tiger. The largest and strongest of all. I know (for I read his thought) that I must follow him. I see the plateau. He walks with resolution in a straight line. I follow, but on reaching the edge and perceiving the brightness, I cannot follow him . . . Above the luminescence rises a statue of the Virgin with the Child in her arms, ascending from the hole into the sky." The introduction of the Virgin into this scene surprised the patient: she had for several years ceased to practice her Catholic religion. Now she wears a cross around her neck.

IX.

In the Belly of a Serpent

Sometimes the yagé engagement is as elementary as a medieval dragon fight. Witness the experience of a middle-aged psychologist: "I struggled for one very bad hour with a boa constrictor. I must have sweated away a quart of liquid. Finally I had to give up, and I prepared to be swallowed. I went into his belly, and found myself not only alive, but comfortable, and I felt great beauty in being in the serpent's rhythm and moving in his way, undulating over the earth. After a while I merged with his belly lining, and at last I became that serpent. The marvelous, slow rhythm of his great muscles was my own rhythm." This man's yagé experience, given under the supervision of Dr. Naranjo, led him to take necessary concrete steps in his life that his neurosis had prevented him from doing. Neither conventional nor LSD therapy had been able to bring him to this point.

Even metaphysical experiences under yagé seem to be more concrete. A woman subject reported: "My soul is a sphere of some seven centimeters in diameter — pure energy; and it rotates on itself at such enormous speed that it would be the same if it didn't." A 21-year-old male journalist reported: "If I was going to leave the body, that didn't worry me. I knew that I existed in essence, and this was the ideal state, with no skin, no liver, no resentments, atemporal." Death is experienced frequently. A man saw how his body was "carried across fields of rice in Korea or China, on a stretcher, between two men, coolies perhaps, and I could see my face, once more from the outside and very close. It was like tanned leather . . . covered with droplets of blood."

Seven of the 32 urban Chileans who took yagé in Santiago had intimate experiences of tigers, jaguars and leopards, very much like those reported by the Amazon Indians in their routine use of the brew. None of them had ever been near a jungle. Dr. Naranjo believes that, with his patients, the beasts often stood for "a fluid synthesis of aggression and grace and a full acceptance of the life-impulse *beyond moral judgment*." In therapy, he tries to persuade his patients to pursue their encounters with animals, because he believes these are creative forces within them. He said one man told him, "I experienced what a tiger feels when looking at its prey." This possessed man, during his yagé experience, stared hard from hungry eyes at the jugular vein of a woman physician in attendance. She fled from the room.

Yagé, when used in "a cocktail" with LSD, can evoke simultaneously the archetypal experiences of the newer drugs, and the personal recall associated with LSD. One 24-year-old Chilean man who mixed the two agents reported seeing "a huge gate behind which were terrible secrets. I saw a gigantic crab's leg move over the top of the gate, and heard a terrible fight between two giant crabs. I was frightened and became like a two-year-old. I saw the gate now at the head of a long, long flight of white marble steps. I walked upward, seeing that the gate was open.

"I saw my mother and father in bed together, and I saw on my mother's face all the experiences she had had in her secret sexual world. This was terrible and wonderful for me, for in my house sex had always been non-existent."

Yagé, like the old-fashioned psychedelic drugs, has alkaloid bases. It can be synthesized. It is hard to see how America's adventurous young chemists will not soon have it in general use on the nation's college campuses. Meanwhile, researchers in Hawaii have found that the seeds of a common tropical wood rose (argyreia nervosa) are perhaps the best plant source yet discovered for these various alkaloids — new and perhaps more potent tools for exploring the uncharted regions of the mind.

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LSD/Journals of an Artist's Trip *by Harriette Frances*

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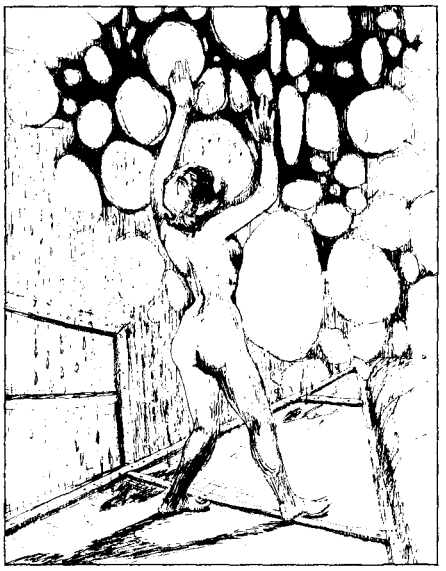
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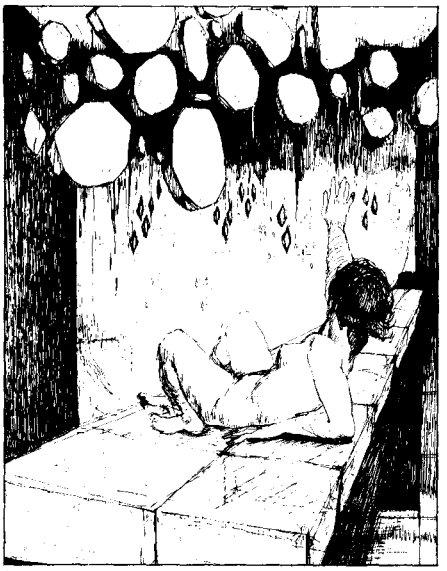
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Drawings courtesy of the International Foundation for Advanced Study, Menlo Park, California

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LSD/Journals, *continued*

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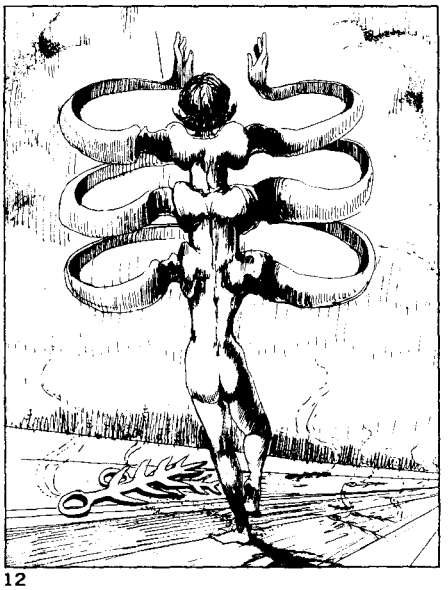

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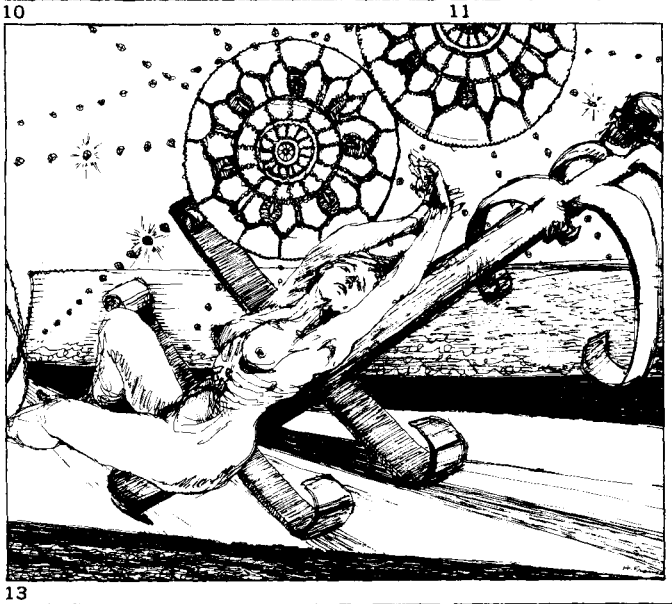

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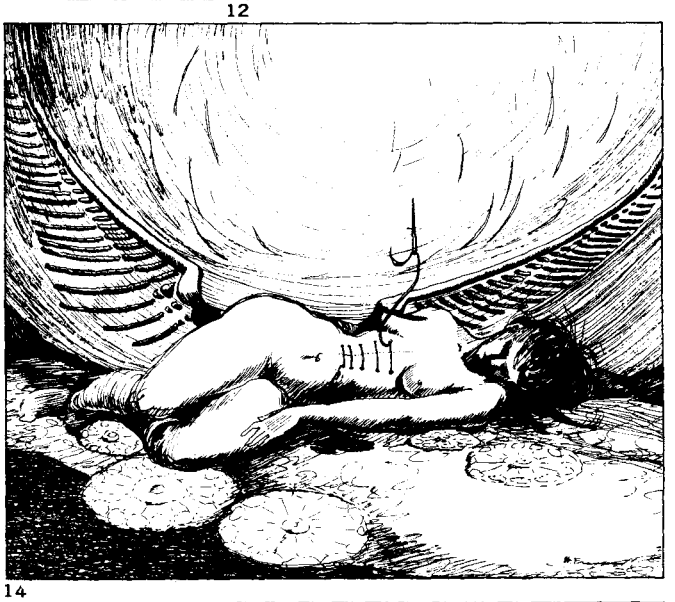

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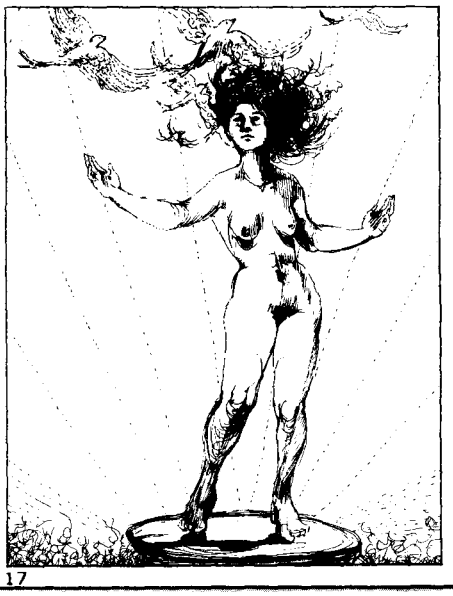

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SAIGON: Washington's new protege, General Ky, represents no consensus of opinion. Even his radio broadcasts are misunderstood by many South Vietnamese because of a Northern accent. Ky, upon his return from Honolulu, called a meeting of generals-- but few showed up. Again we have a "democratic alternative." Again he represents no one.

There is really no South Vietnamese civic government operating to carry out economic programs. The old Diem bureaucracy is fragmented and no organized political opposition to the Viet Cong exists. For those not with the Viet Cong who want to serve Vietnam there is no place to go. There is only endless conversation in Paris and Saigon cafes.

The NLF has an exclusive on political motivation and idealism which the doling of aid cannot buy. Leaders of the Front, isolated even from Hanoi and Peking, receive news in the jungle through month-old newspapers, occasional couriers and an uncertain wireless. The visit last year of Vice Chairman of the Front, Nguyen Phat, to Cambodia was a rare exception to this isolation which must affect communications between the NLF and their representatives in Algiers, Prague, Hanoi and Peking.

Graft and corruption flourish in Saigon-- taxi girls make ten times the wages of a senior civil servant, and according to one American official, "Those who serve the Americans, both vertically and horizontally, have the power and the status."

BANGKOK BRIEFLY: Thailand is expected to be the next trouble spot. Surprising? Yet insurgency in the impoverished northeast areas is already as strong as it was in Vietnam in 1959. U.S. pacification specialists commute regularly from Saigon to Bangkok. There is no question but that the U.S. will try to defend the "freedom" of the Thais to be ruled by the Bangkok military.

Despite the rhetoric of the Honolulu meeting, the U.S. program in Thailand has the same failings as in South Vietnam. Primacy is given to the military thrust-- as usual. There are already as many U.S. troops in Thailand as there were last year in South Vietnam. In 1961 when JFK put 15,000 soldiers in South Vietnam it was considered a major policy move. Now the same number in Thailand arouses no interest. At some future point the American public will probably wonder how and when we got involved in Thailand.

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NEUTRALISM IN SOUTHEAST ASIA: Our three hour meeting with Prime Minister, His Royal Highness, Norodom Kantol and his Cabinet revealed that Cambodia cherishes her neutrality but remains realistic about Cold War pressures: she rejected U.S. aid because it was tightly controlled by the U.S. Military Advisory Group. However, she accepts French, Chinese and Russian aid because it comes without strings. The Cambodian Army is trained by French officers, and Russian aircraft have been received.

Cambodians, fearful of the U.S. endangering their neutrality, severed relations in May of 1965. Cambodia claims the CIA was involved in an abortive military coup and attempt on Prince Sihanouk's life in 1959. The U.S. did not permit Cambodian use of U.S. aid weapons against Thai and South Vietnamese patrols, themselves using aid weapons. Now, in both Thailand and South Vietnam the U.S. flagrantly supports the Khmer-Serai, an outlawed Cambodian group committed to overthrowing the Prince.

The Cambodians are bewildered by American myopia toward their view of the world. Though she does not ignore China's power, the real threat to Cambodia, centuries old, is from Vietnam and Thailand, to the east and west respectively. Cambodian borders are continually chewed up on both sides. There have been repeated incursions from Thailand and South Vietnam. The U.S. is allied with and supports Cambodia's traditional foes-- now military oligarchies with huge armies.

CONTRARY TO THE CAMBODIAN VIEW, the main concern of American foreign policy is not Vietnam but China. It is an open secret that the U.S. is preparing for the eventuality of a Sino-American conflict. And U.S. hostility toward Cambodia must be understood in these terms. It is obvious to all who visit that Cambodia ought to be the perfect representative of the "free world" in Southeast Asia. Why then is the U.S. determined to involve Cambodia in war?

Prince Sihanouk is a plucky, non-Communist neutralist. The Communist Party, in fact, has been virtually banned in Cambodia. The government, by Southeast Asian standards, is popular, successful in its economic programs and stable. But Sihanouk confounds us by insisting that the threat to his neutralism is currently not from the Chinese but from U.S. military activities in Thailand and South Vietnam. Cambodia's position challenges the fundamental assumptions of America's China policy. It will attest to the bankruptcy of our foreign policy if we attempt to hold to erroneous assumptions by eliminating the government of Cambodia.

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Ephemera

BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Books:

IN COLD BLOOD; A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A MULTIPLE MURDER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES *by Truman Capote. New York: Random House. 343 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by
Don Carpenter

"When I was about 14 I committed a series of crimes that were apparently motiveless. Technically, they were acts of vandalism. Once at night I climbed into an unlocked car, found some camera equipment and broke it. Four times, during broad daylight, I broke into homes, wandered around in the emptiness, searched through desks and bureaus, made a few messes and left. Once I found a bottle of whiskey in a drawer and emptied it onto a bed. I did other things I can't bring myself to mention even now, after 20 years. I was seen twice, once only a few seconds after I had entered the house. The woman had not answered the door because she didn't feel like it, but right after I had expertly pried open a window and dropped to the hall floor, she came out and stared at me. I told her I had heard sounds and thought she might be in trouble. More talk, more lies, and I got away. I was not frightened for hours.

This, of course, is the point of my confession: I was not scared. Normally, I was a cowardly little boy, but when I went out on these obviously sexual episodes, I felt nothing. I did not even feel like a master criminal. I did not attempt to justify myself to myself. I just did them. Something came over me, and out I would go. But this calmness was a form of emotion, it was an excitement beyond excitement, a feeling so powerful that it keyed all my reactions to their peak, gave me the ability to act, to escape when necessary, without panic or even fear.

But my mind. Where was my mind? Lost, I think, in the aura of madness, returning only later, when I would enter a frenzied hangover of terror and guilt. Only then would I realize, with increasing panic, that only dumb luck kept me from being caught. But the next time the feeling would come over me I would forget the guilt and the terror and go out again. My criminal career lasted only a few weeks, and then went away.

The point of all this belated confession is that I think it gives me a particular sense of empathy with the two men Capote writes about in *In Cold Blood*. When I put the book down all I could think was that a little more hate, an ounce less stability, and I might have been a murderer. That woman who caught me: mightn't I have decided it was too risky to let her live? What if she hadn't believed (or appeared to have believed) my story? At a moment like that, ethics or fear of any sort simply do not exist: the beast is in charge.

Capote's two men, Dick and Perry, broke into an isolated farmhouse and killed four people they had never seen before. The crimes were without real motive, and I imagine that Perry, who actually pulled the trigger on the shotgun, was in a state of calm beyond excitement or rationality. I doubt if there was anything resembling an urge to murder within him, except at the most primal unconscious levels of his mind. And given the situation, I don't think he could have stopped himself.

Capote has done a remarkable thing with this book; he has taken what amounts to a neutral stand. Given all sorts of opportunity to be satirical or worse about small towns, the jury system, capital punishment, police behavior and other easy targets, he reports with depth and almost without emotion. The book is a "nonfiction novel"—i.e., nonfiction with passages of dialogue or description made up by Capote, and as such it must be criticized, because I don't think it worked. It is obviously for popular consumption—for the layman rather than the professional—yet I feel that only someone well-acquainted with the literature of criminal behavior would understand the clues which Capote strews throughout the narrative, clues without explanation, which give the reader an admittedly excellent profile of the killers, but without letting the reader in on the big secret: which bits of behavior are significant? In fact, it is worse than that. Capote, for reasons of either delicacy or a lack of literary nerve, draws a somewhat guarded curtain over the sexual behavior of the two men. Of course, it is obvious that they are both sexually crippled, but how does this manifest itself? In this area, where the novel technique could save the nonfiction narrative, Capote draws back. We know that Dick, the braggart, the talker, the ostensible leader of the two, considers himself "a normal," even though he is a pedophile (sexually attracted to young girls, in his case), while Perry, the romantic, the follower, the actual killer, is apparently a homosexual. But the word "homosexual" covers an enormous amount of territory; in fact, it is so broad as to have no real value except perhaps as a pejorative. There are hints throughout the book that Perry tends to idealize Dick as a "real masculine type" and that he has had crushes on other men. It is also stated that during a stint with the merchant marine, while an adolescent, Perry was subjected to anal sodomy as an unwilling participant. Whether he

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ever took the actual female role with Dick is left in doubt, and of course it is the relationship between the two men that is crucial.

BUT THE MAJOR FAULT with *In Cold Blood* as a work of nonfiction is that the crime it details with almost loving attention is not particularly significant or important; less important, perhaps, than vehicular homocide. Four people are murdered in a lonely farmhouse by men who did not even know them, the only real motive a deeprooted, sexual, childlike hatred. May I stretch a point and suggest that this happens all the time on the public highways? May I ask what induces a person to climb into an automobile, perhaps half-drunk, and race down the highway at 110 miles an hour? Stupidity? Booziness? Carelessness? I find that hard to believe. During my own Phil Hill period, when I was about 17 or 18, I experienced that same thrilled-beyond-emotion feeling that had overtaken me some years before, when I was a vandal: I was in total control, I was powerful, calm, heedless of any consequence. If an unusual traffic problem came up, I could handle it, just like I handled that woman who caught me. I was lucky, and the three major collisions I had did not result in anything but property damage. (Right after each wreck I felt fine; cheerful, witty, keeping the crowd entertained; it was only hours later, alone, that I felt the horrors.) I firmly believe that a little more antisocial hatred and I would have been a murderer: a vehicular, homicidal maniac.

I suppose that this complaint about Capote's book is really directed at the public for whom he wrote (including myself). Why are we fascinated by one kind of "motiveless" killing and only bored or irritated by the far commoner form?

As a work of fiction, a novel, *In Cold Blood* suffers somewhat more. Capote must have known when he began that many of us are or were potential killers; else why the interest in the subject? He could have taken this fictional opportunity to reveal each major participant as a human being, to round the victims, the police, the judge and the jury, as he rounded the two killers. As it was, we are supplied with far too many pathetic details about the victims, and far too many homey touches about their community. In avoiding the error of irony or superiority, Capote committed the error of flatness; the only persons in the narrative who seemed capable of murder were all convicted murderers. I find this hard to believe.

So Capote has written a fascinating work, stylistically excellent, difficult to put down, a sure-fire movie, etc. As a piece of reportage, it is incomparable. As a study in human behavior, it is lopsided. As a novel, it fails to illuminate what it describes. As a piece of merchandise, it is written on gold.

Don Carpenter's first novel, Hard Rain Falling, *was published this year by Harcourt, Brace and World.*

COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA: GROWTH AND ACQUIESCENCE *by Edgar Z. Friedenberg. New York: Random House. 300 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by
Ken Jacobson

I SUPPOSE THAT people always enjoy reading about themselves and, as a high school student, I was tremendously excited by Mr. Friedenberg's book on American high schools. This book, however, is not at all a pleasant travelogue through the life and times of the adolescent—it was not as if I were taken up by a mysterious and important book-writer, glorified, and then set back down on earth with no more than the feeling that somebody cared. Friedenberg *does* care —he cares very much, and I think for this reason he does not glorify, but deplores the awful state of American society and education.

According to Friedenberg, there are two functions which the American system of compulsory education performs. The first is to keep kids "off the streets" in a society which provides little else for them to do but go to school. The second and more important of the school's functions is to soundly instill in the youth the American middle-class outlook and value system so that they will be able to become "happy and productive members."

The school accomplishes this last objective by a process which I have named the "problem-framework" of the school. The effect of this process, and of behavior and clothing restrictions which discourage nonconformity, is that the newly-forming personal identity of the high school student, still frail and somewhat vague, is subdued and replaced by middle-class values and a collective, social identity. Identity in self is destroyed in favor of identity in society. In this way, society is able to create youth in its own image, and thus perpetuate itself.

The value study in *Coming of Age* is based upon high school students' responses and comments on tests composed by the author. Students are asked to evaluate prepared responses to situations involving fictional characters in a fictional school called LeMoyen High. The students classed the responses good, bad, and indifferent, and then had a chance to talk about their choices later in a series of interviews.

The most striking and, I think, frightening conclusion which Mr. Friedenberg draws from the students' responses is that most of the students in the sample approached the situations as *problems* and, instead of assessing or commenting on these situations, they attempted to find as their best response the quickest and easiest solution. Human beings and their personalities—although fictional, the characters in the tests are real enough—were seen by the students as objects to be manipulated and experimented with until the solution is found and things are back on an even keel. Friedenberg stresses that the students tested rarely questioned the validity of the situation or the morality of looking at the situation in terms of a problem.

This problem-solving approach is, I think, a direct product of the school environment. The school sets itself up as a gigantic environmental problem, and forces all students who wish to succeed to accept its regulations and to

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A 'divine discontent' led them to success in writing

Now these famous authors are helping others who feel the same restless urge for self-expression

By Thomas Lyle Collins

Rod Serling, fired from his first writing job, went on to become a leading TV dramatist *(The Twilight Zone)*, winner of five Emmy Awards.

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write.

They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart even from family and friends. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives, loving grandparents . . . but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift the poet Charles Kingsley called "divine discontent." It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived . . . to express your faith or your philosophy . . . to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings . . .

Many successful writers know the same feelings

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist *(Barefoot Boy With Cheek*, the *Dobie Gillis* TV show) wrote because "life was bitter and I was not. All around me was poverty and sordidness. By turning it into jokes, I made it bearable." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write . . . you keep on trying."

Faith Baldwin's "divine discontent" helped her produce 50 novels, including many best-sellers, while raising four children.

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares the feeling of "divine discontent" has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing . . . or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of writing school

Three years ago, twelve successful authors – Max Shulman, Faith Baldwin, Rod Serling, Bruce Catton, J. D. Ratcliff, Bennett Cerf, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman – joined forces to form the Famous Writers School.

Their aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help they themselves would have welcomed when they were starting out. They poured all of their secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then they worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return an assignment, one of the School's instructors – themselves all professional writers – spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. Then you get your work back with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Students breaking into print

The School is young. Yet students, most of them still in training, have already sold their work to more than 100 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, Redbook, Parents', Popular Science.*

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be, no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "I've just sold a story to *True* for $1,000," reports a California insurance agent. "This is the first thing I've had published in over 20 years of trying, and I owe it all to you fellows back there."

"I've done it!" writes housewife Lillian Maas, after selling her first article to *Better Homes & Gardens.* "I feel as if I'd joined a club composed of the most vital and literate individuals in the country. How my horizons have widened!"

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, the twelve Famous Writers have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of the School's instructional staff. If you do well on the Test – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6911, Westport, Connecticut

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and 48-page brochure.

Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age...
Miss (please print)

Street .....

City ..... Zip or Zone .....

County ..... State .....

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think in its own terms. The school environment is a total one, and if the validity of the school set up, its "problem-framework," is not questioned, it is hard to question the validity of those things which go on inside. School administrators tend to think in pragmatic, problem-solution terms—in fact, all technological America seems to think in such terms—and this is projected over the whole environment. A school is supposed to teach us "how to think, not what to think"—but the way our schools teach us to think governs "what we think," both in regard to the school and outside of it.

TAKE A LOOK at the most elementary of classroom organizational devices: the practice of raising hands. To question the validity of this practice seems silly at first—what other way is there to run a class? However, raising hands is a method of procuring order at the expense of individual spontaneity and a symbol of the subjection of the individual personality's development to the welfare of the collective whole. Thus, what we accept without question as a basic premise of the school situation may be quite detrimental to individual growth.

To imagine a classroom without raised hands is almost to conceive the inconceivable. This points up the difficulty the high school student has in assessing his own situation, for the inconceivable is all that is outside the "problem-framework" of the school.

The practice of raising hands is one of the ways in which the school can force us to look at situations in terms of problems—a way in which the school subordinates the subjective and personal to the utilitarian. And whenever we see things in a utilitarian light, we see them as problems to be solved. A shouted out response often represents what a person feels; since he cannot shout out his response, feelings are subordinated to patience and cool objectivity. The student, then, in assessing human situations like those in Friedenberg's tests, would tend to repress his emotions—sympathy, love and morality—since these are largely *feelings*, and instead view the situation in objective terms. The situation is a problem in need only of a rational solution.

Another practice common in the schools is the use of the word *Citizenship* (always capitalized) as a broad term for conduct and attitude. Often separate grades are given for Citizenship. Those with the best Citizenship grades rarely talk out of turn, and never cut class or talk back to the teacher. Generally, they do average or better than average work, and are, for the most part, unobtrusive. These people are called "good citizens."

Two implications of this practice interest me. The first is that the student is a citizen of the school; the second is that, in order to be a *good* citizen, he must do his work and keep his mouth shut. The tests show that high school students have little concern for their civil liberties—some are barely conscious that they have any liberties at all. Friedenberg attributes this to the fact that they have their freedom abridged by being locked up in school for most of the year without their consent, and also to the fact that the school's rules are more restrictive than those outside. Add to this the term *Citizenship*—the idea that the problem-framework of the school is actually a replica of society (or, more correctly that the outside society is a replica of the school), and that its citizens, the students, have few rights, fewer privileges, and no say at all about how the school is run—and you have one answer to why American citizens are apathetic about their civil liberties.

Coupled with this is the second notion: that a good citizen doesn't speak out. Americans are supposed to *fit in*, perform their own small functions in the assembly line of society, and leave politics and such to those who are elected or appointed to handle them. Here, I think, lies the reason that the majority of Americans are greatly alarmed by demonstrations. Demonstrators are, for the most part, young; they are scarcely unobtrusive; and they speak out without waiting to be called on.

AS THE RESULT of their training, viewed in the light of Friedenberg's tests, high school students are dishonest and self-evasive. We are success-minded, and quick to repeat liberalistic slogans in order to avoid issues which may arouse self-doubt if honestly and personally considered. We place a greater value on "acceptance" than on individuality, and we are too anxious to compromise our individual personalities if that will gain us "acceptance"—into a club, into a social circle, into society. And, finally, we believe that this all-powerful wish for acceptance is normal and desirable.

This can be seen in the first of Friedenberg's tests, "The Clarke-Barto Incident":

Suppose that your school is strict in enforcing the rule against students smoking in washrooms. The following incident takes place:

Mr. Arthur Clarke, a social studies teacher at your school, is taking his mid-morning coffee break. On entering a men's washroom he discovers Johnny Barto, a junior, and a somewhat notorious character around the school, smoking. Mr. Clarke knows that Johnny should be in class this hour and furthermore, that he is a troublemaker, is having difficulty with his courses, is on probation, and that he is old enough to quit school. While Mr. Clarke and Johnny are approximately the same size, Johnny is not very strong. His whole attitude, though, is one of arrogance, as if to say, "Show me, buddy."

Students taking the test were given nine different response cards with proposed courses of action for Mr. Clarke. Among these were a fight instigated by Johnny, Clarke beating Johnny, Clarke making Johnny apologize to his class for his behavior, bringing Johnny to the principal, bringing Johnny to student court, calling Johnny's parents, and making Johnny write sentences on the blackboard after school. The major differences among the nine responses seem to be highlighted by the last two:

8. At the faculty meeting that afternoon, Mr. Clarke discusses the "Johnny Barto problem" with the school psychologist, and the school psychologist agrees to set up a counseling program designed to get at Johnny's "anti-social" behavior and straighten him out. The psychologist then calls Johnny in for counseling.

9. Mr. Clarke acts as if he hadn't noticed Johnny and leaves the washroom as soon as possible.

The majority of students who took the test seemed to be guided by these principles in deciding on an answer: 1) that Mr. Clarke has a duty to enforce the rules of the school; 2) that Johnny should be taught that he cannot get away with breaking these rules,

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but 3) that measures taken against Johnny for breaking the rules should not be simply punitive, but also designed to "help" him. Number eight, by far the most popular answer, fulfills all of these conditions, while nine, overwhelmingly chosen as "worst," fulfills none.

The rejection of number nine, "walks out," shows our deep-rooted belief in "The Rules." Those taking the test (including myself) never questioned the legitimacy of the rule against smoking, but innately accepted its validity and its benignity. The rule must have been made "for the students' own good." Mr. Clarke had a responsibility to the school and to Johnny to enforce the rule. After all, said one student discussing card nine (Clarke walks out), "he wouldn't be helping the kid any by doing that."

When I took this test myself, I was concerned with finding the response that showed the most communication between Mr. Clarke and Johnny. I was hopeful that Clarke would find it in himself to "help" Johnny personally. At first, I thought that the response in which they fight (Johnny swings at Clarke, Clarke knocks Johnny down, then helps him up and apologizes, threatening to report him "next time") was the best, but I shied away from this —Clarke showed in a very personal way that he cared, but did not give Johnny a very good example of rational behavior. Finally I settled on number eight, the school psychologist. If Clarke himself couldn't communicate with Johnny, he should refer Johnny to someone who could.

But it is an interesting notion that a person who commits an anti-social act needs "help," especially psychological help such as response eight indicates. Since we believe that compliance with the ground rules of our society is so normal, we feel justified in forcing Johnny to fit it, meanwhile denying him his choice to accept society or reject it. Clearly, if Johnny cannot accept the society which is so desirable to us, he must be insane.

Sending Johnny to the psychologist, although it may seem the most generous of the solutions to the "Johnny Barto problem," is actually the most ruthless. Friedenberg notes that students rejected purely punitive measures because Johnny would rebel against punishment, and "things would just become worse." But Johnny cannot rebel against psychological help—he cannot tell the psychologist that he is sane. Johnny cannot realize that the school psychologist owes no allegiance to Johnny, but to the system which employs him.

In the end, we commit a grave wrong against Johnny, against ourselves, and against America—we are willing to smash Johnny's personal identity and integrity in order to get him "back in line." Perhaps this is the ultimate extension of classroom experience—perhaps in forcing Johnny to conform, we are only trying to teach him to raise his hand.

Ken Jacobson is a 17-year-old high school student in Berkeley, California.

Also reviewed by Gilbert R. Davis

THE SOCIAL CRITICISM of Edgar Z. Friedenberg always displays a fine blend of candor, wit and strategy. In his latest book, *Coming of Age in America*, Professor Friedenberg (University of California, Davis) examines the problems resulting from the very nature and purpose of our system of public education. He is especially concerned with the impact and influence high schools have on their adolescent charges, and questions whether the dehumanizing effect is either necessary or wise, regardless of the obvious role schools play in the process of democratization. Thus, Professer Friedenberg is not here concerned with the academic programs which the schools provide, but rather (as in his earlier *The Vanishing Adolescent*) with the conditions that surround and attend the process. His reforms and recommendations are therefore focused not on curricular matters, but on the ways in which the schools deliver the goods. Research involved testing the responses of 246 students to six separate narrative episodes dealing with "issues and value-conflicts that arise in high school life."

The overriding press of conformity and its neutralizing effects on student values are dishearteningly reflected in the sterility of the students' choices. Though the schools represent but one institution in our society, presumably they are responsible for providing students the basic background and field work in alternate styles of life. The results of our "education for democracy," reflected in these shocking and too often predictable student responses, will give even the most optimistic reader no comfort that our schools are performing any meaningful educational function. The causes of this failure represent the thesis of the second half of Professor Friedenberg's book, but we are forewarned with unusual candor: "*Caveat lector* . . . Not a single statement to follow in this book claims the authority of empirical scientific observation."

Professor Friedenberg offers his alternatives with an unusual blend of revolutionist and reformer thinking. His proposals include abandoning compulsory school attendance, establishing special boarding schools to serve our truly creative adolescent intellectuals (whom he describes as the "new aristocracy"), and upgrading the high school teachers by reducing their numbers, rewarding excellence, and increasing their autonomy as *teacher*.

There is obvious merit in many of Professor Friedenberg's proposals. For example, it is time we seriously considered other ways to relieve the pressure on the job market, ways which do not have the damaging correlative effect compulsory school attendance has on overloading the schools. Also, it is heartening to read suggested reforms which include strengthening the teaching function at the expense of the trivial nonsense teachers are called upon to do in the name of teaching.

Professor Friedenberg's basic thesis is unassailable: the "costs in individual freedom and dignity to provide justice and equality in a mass society" are far out of proportion to what they should, and could, be. These costs result from our high schools being "sentimental, extrinsically motivated, emotionally and intellectually dishonest," thereby exacting the toll of inwardness—"subjectivity" —and sacrificing it to "other-direction, adaptability, adjustment, conformity." Such defects as these, Professor Friedenberg warns us, make the schools incapable of assisting their adolescent charges in discovering who they are.

Gilbert R. Davis is associate professor of English at Grand Valley State College in Michigan.

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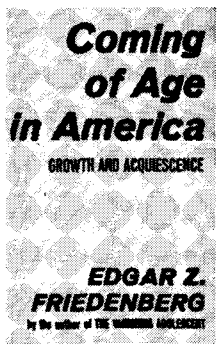

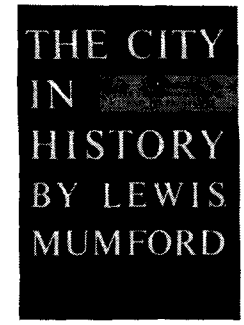

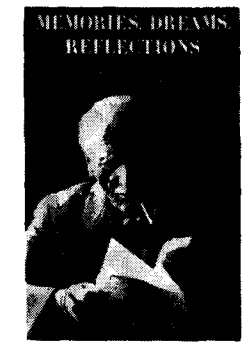

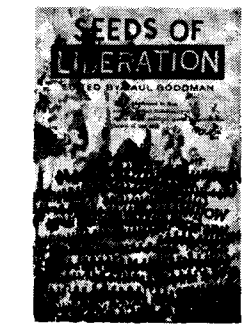

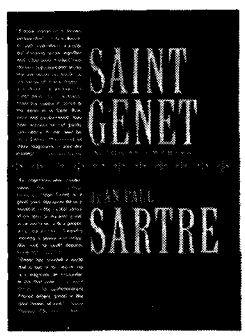

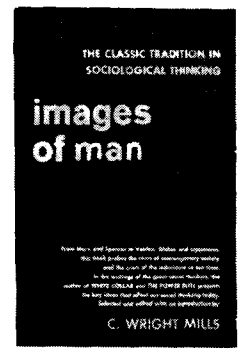

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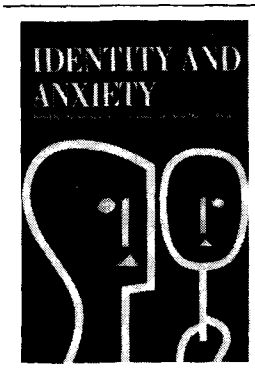

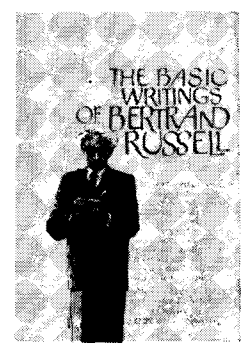

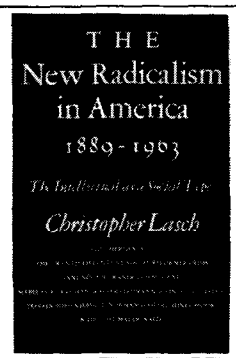

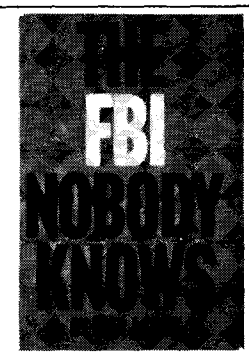

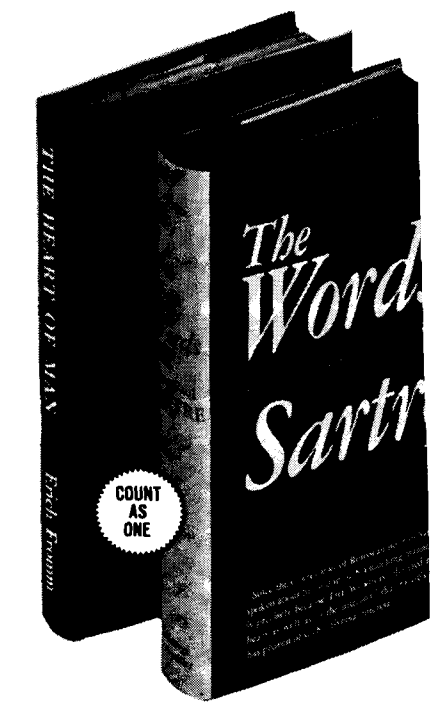

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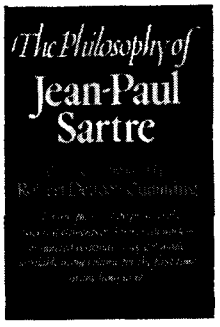

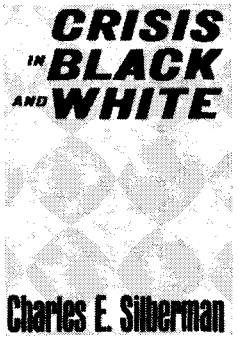

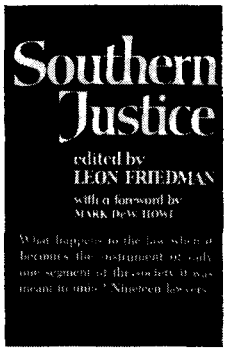

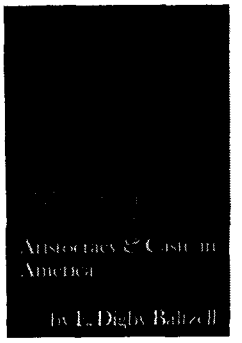

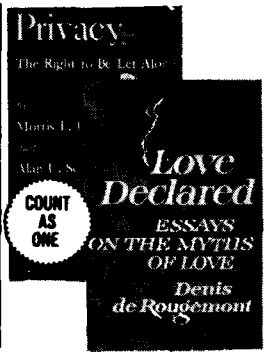

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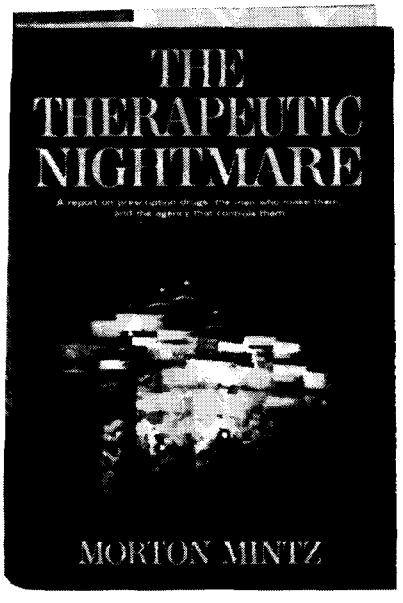

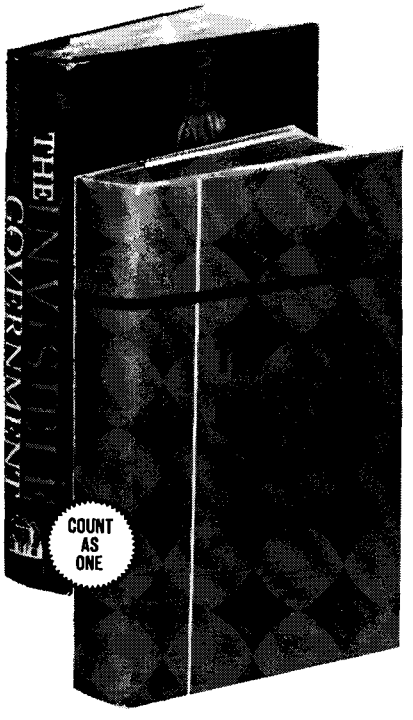

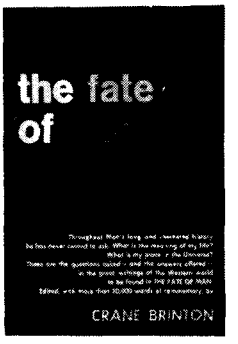

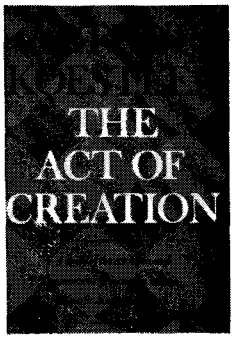

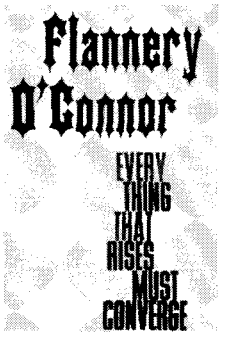

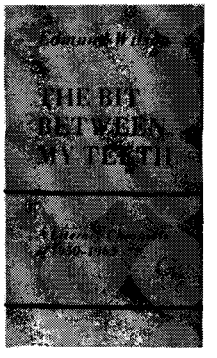

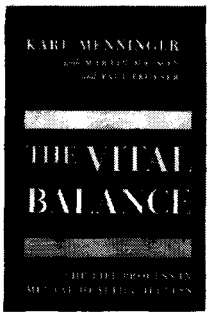

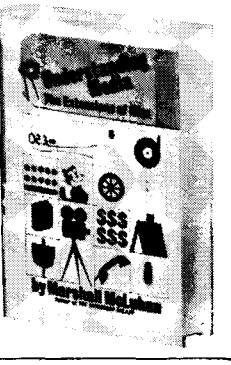

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Photography:

CHINA AT *f.* 5.6

by Felix Greene

ALL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS (photographers included) should also be anthropologists at heart. Anthropologists say that to see others "as they really are" means *not* seeing them through the lens of our own cultural likes and dislikes, our own moral conventions, our own political bias. It's not easy. Most of us remain blithely unaware that we have our own built-in distorting lenses—and so we notice, and photograph, only what tends to confirm our prejudices.

The Chinese present a photographer with two enormous difficulties—their curiosity and their shyness. Walk along an apparently empty lane in Peking, a *hutung* as it is called there. You notice, let's say, the light reflected from a curving roof, or catch a glimpse of an inner courtyard through an open doorway. Gently, you lift your camera. Within seconds, it seems, the empty lane is jammed with kids, all talking at once, laughing, pushing, every last one of them trying to peer right down your camera lens.

Shyness is the other problem. If you are photographing adults and they notice you, they will probably clam up, become "inscrutable," and the whole exercise, photographically, will be a dead loss. Taking pictures is still considered a private, very personal affair. You photograph your family, perhaps an intimate friend. To photograph a stranger is felt to be an invasion of his privacy, and he won't like it. But if you ask his permission beforehand he will almost always assent.

When I wanted to film the early morning activities of a small Peking *hutung* I spent the previous afternoon going from house to house to ask if anyone had any objection. The people felt that they had been let in on something new and exciting. Human contact had been established, and this for the Chinese is the important thing.

The camera team that went to China for Canadian television apparently never cottoned to this cultural difference. They were arrested five or six times—not by the police, but by private citizens who objected to having their photographs taken without being consulted beforehand. The Canadians carried with them the official "press card" issued by the Peking Foreign Office. The Canadians were surprised to find it was no use waving the card around and insisting on their "right" to take pictures. The people remain wholly unimpressed. It is *they* who decide whether they choose to be photographed, not some official in a government office who signs a piece of paper.

Is there much official obstruction? Yes and no. Some places (Sinkiang, Tibet) are out of bounds to foreigners. But I have found much less reluctance to let me photograph what I wanted than in the Soviet Union. The Chinese are more sophisticated. Once in Shanghai I said I wanted to spend a day photographing the slums, and go there alone. There was no objection: they even told me how to find the worst slums in the city. That evening, my interpreter said, "Mr. Greene, today you have photographed our slums. They exist, so why should we hide them? But would you be interested in seeing what we are trying to do about them?" I said this was fair enough, so the next day I was taken to see some of their slum clearance projects.

Are films examined before leaving China? I am told there is some rule to this effect that they *can* evoke, but I have yet to meet anyone who has not been able to take all his films out of the country unprocessed.

EQUIPMENT? Keep it simple and forget it. Photographers who spend vast sums to festoon themselves with fancy cameras, gadgets and tripods might remember that the finest pictures ever taken in America were made by Alfred Stieglitz with a camera that no drug store in the country would allow on its shelves today. Tourists' cameras have become as good as professionals'. I have never used anything but a Zeiss Contraflex—in the middle-priced bracket. The lenses are superb, the workmanship dependable. What you *feel* about the people you are photographing is infinitely more important than the equipment.

Other hints. Get close—in both senses. The greatest mistake of amateurs is to stand away. Close-ups communicate; middle-range pictures—remain pictures.

Get close to the Chinese. Whether you like it or not you have "Made in U.S.A." printed all over you, but they won't mind. Go to their small restaurants, where the pedi-cab drivers eat; travel in their crowded busses; swim with them. You will be amazed how much communication is possible.

And above all—listen. Listen to what China and her people are telling you. Forget all you ever read about China; forget the statistics and the politics and the ads about the "mystery of the Orient." Forget if you can that you are a white, respectably Christian believer in American democracy. Just *listen*, and China will speak to you in a thousand ways. If you can listen to China—and stop telling her whatever you think for her own good she should hear—you may find when you come home that something has happened to you as a human being. Also, and incidentally, you will have brought back a photograph, or several, that may be worth looking at.

Felix Greene, cousin of novelist Graham Greene, is the author of A Curtain of Ignorance, *the most recent of several books he has written on China.*

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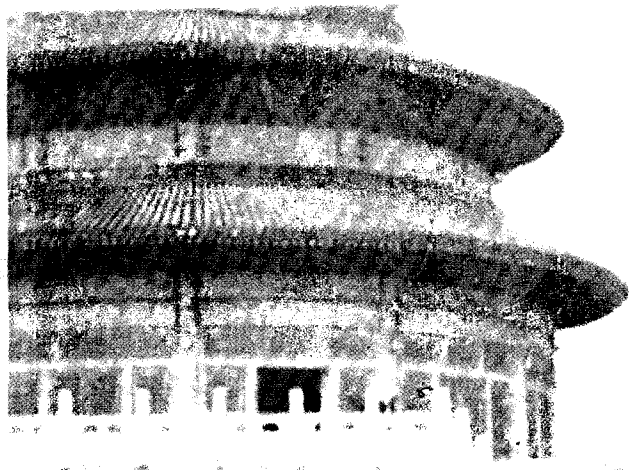

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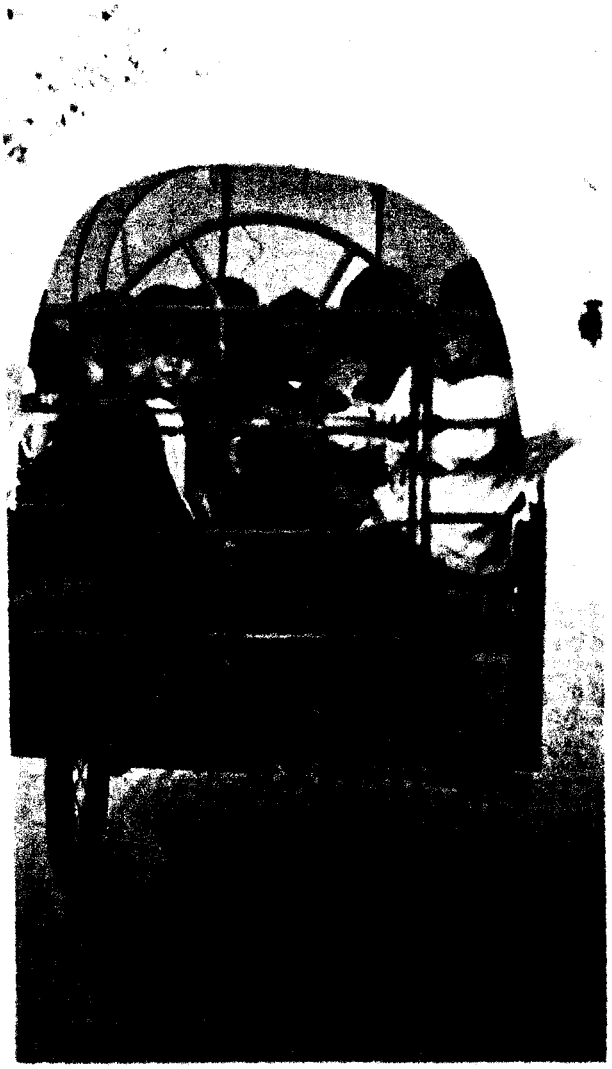

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essica Mitford wants to unload her island.

Why, we cannot imagine; it is such a lovely place. Perıaps she, like Dr. Johnson, isn't an island sort of person.

However, Ramparts is bent on finding it a good home; ınd we will spend as long as is necessary to do so [watch :his space].

Actually it already *has* a good home: a great, ten ɔedroom, gabled, chimneyed, white stone castle—with .ts own electricity.

It also has its own graveyard [The Hebrides Way of Death, c. 1100 A.D.], and a historically important chapel from the VIth Century. And no telephones, anywhere.

This grand little island is called *Inch Kenneth* [*Inch:* island; *Kenneth:* a follower of St. Columba] and is located in the Hebrides, just off the coast of Scotland. It is also the spot where Dr. Samuel Johnson and his biographer, James Boswell, stayed during their famed tour through the Hebrides in the Fall of 1773.

According to Boswell's *Journals,* the two were understandably quite taken with the little island until Boswell became lyrical, saying "I was resolved to have it for an elegant retreat for our family during a month or two in summer. I really indulged thoughts of buying it."

To which Dr. Johnson replied,

"Sir, the only person who would wish to buy an island is the one who had never owned one."

Have *you* ever owned an island?

For further information write Jessica Mitford Treuhaft, 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California.

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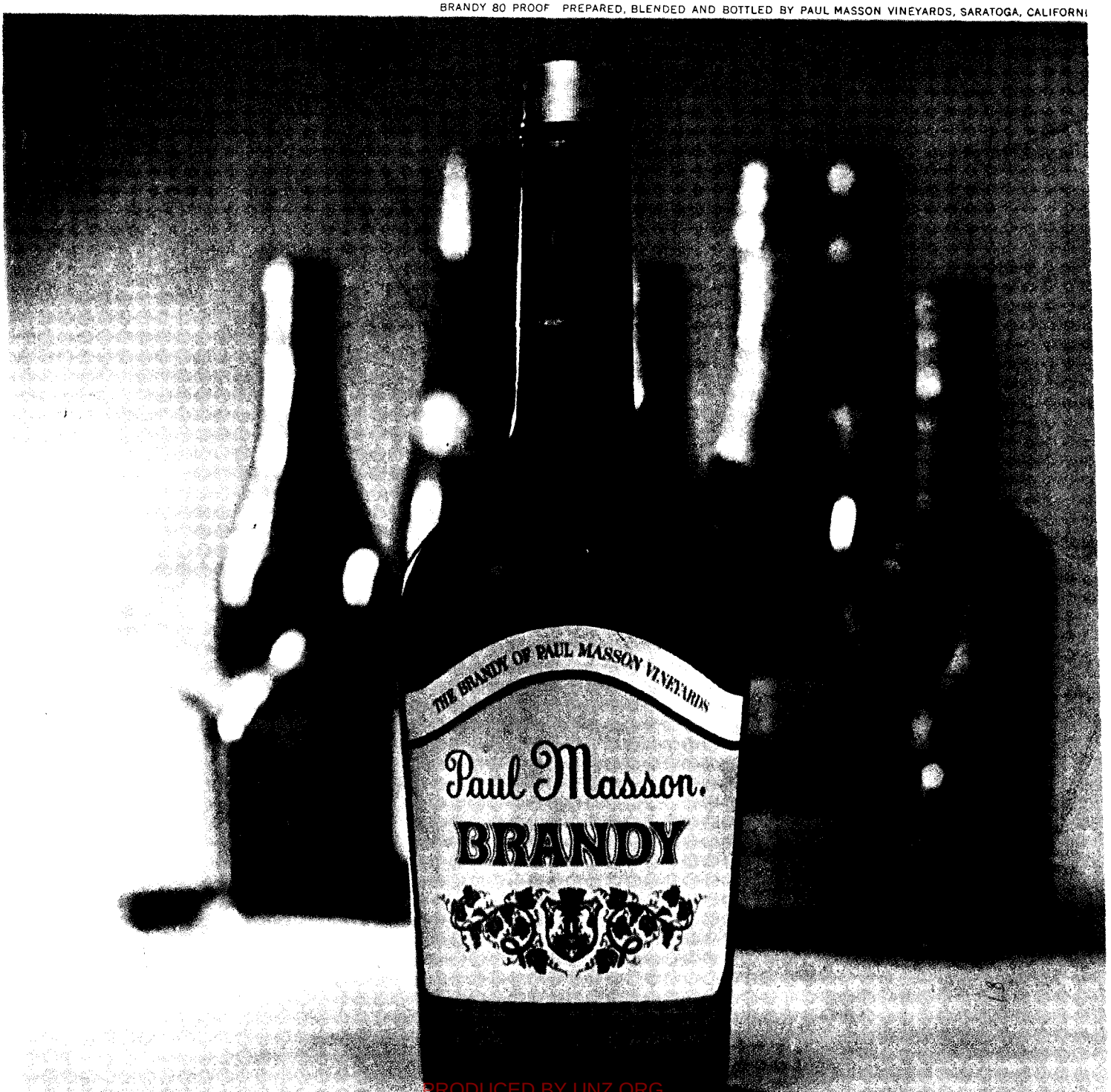
Paul Masson said, "Brandy is the only dri distilled from something good to drink

(1) Brandy is made from wine.
(2) We have been premium wine growers since 1852.
(3) Now, at last, we are able to offer a premium brandy.
(4) Was it worth the wait? (5) Judge for yourself.

BRANDY 80 PROOF PREPARED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNI



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